



"I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying"
and Other Poems

William Haines Lytle

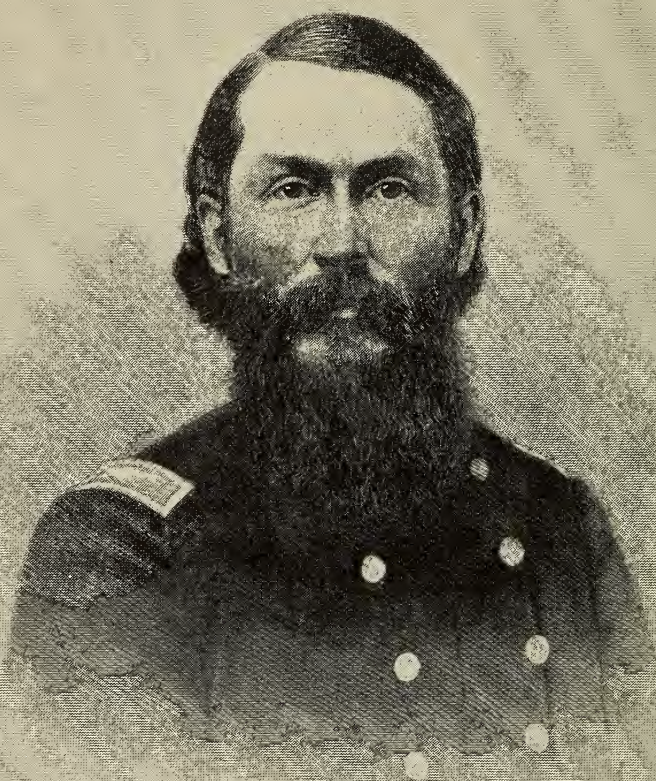


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W. H. Lytle

POEMS
OF
WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

EDITED, WITH MEMOIR,
BY
WILLIAM HENRY VENABLE

"The Poet could not sing the Heroic Warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic Warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher;—in one or the other degree he could have been, he is all these."

THOMAS CARLYLE

CINCINNATI
STEWART AND KIDD COMPANY
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This Volume

IS DEDICATED TO THE
MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER

MRS. ELIZABETH HAINES BROADWELL

With the hope that in its accomplishment
her cherished wish has been fulfilled

J. R. F.

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PREFACE

THE first edition of this, the only complete collection of the poems of William Haines Lytle, was issued in the year 1894, at the request of the poet's sister, Mrs. Josephine R. Foster, who supplied the editor with much biographical material, including personal letters and other authentic manuscripts. The plates from which the book was printed were destroyed by the Pike's Opera House fire of 1903, and in order to meet a growing demand for copies of the volume the present edition is published.

W. H. V.

July 10, 1911.

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

IN the Appendix to his Geography and History of the Western States, published in Cincinnati in 1828, Timothy Flint gives a personal narrative from the pen of General Lytle, whom he describes as “a distinguished and respectable citizen of the State of Ohio, who has been in that country *from the beginning*, and who probably has seen as much of its progress as any other man in it.”

The narrative, fresh and suggestive in style, replete with interest, relates how its writer, a lad nine years old, came with his father, in 1779, from Pennsylvania to the West, descending the Ohio, in the spring of 1780, in one of sixty-three large arks, or Kentucky boats, some of which were occupied by families, others by young men intending to explore the

country. "The number of fighting men on board," says Lytle, "was nearly a thousand." "My father," he continues, "had been a practiced soldier in the former wars of the country, and had been stationed, as such, three years at Pittsburgh. He was, of course, versed in the modes, requisites and stratagems of Indian warfare."

On the 12th of April the fleet halted at the mouth of the Licking, and discovered an Indian encampment on the Ohio shore opposite. A considerable force crossed the river and the Indians fled. The boy Lytle was among the soldiers on this occasion. Fifty-one years later General Lytle died in his own house which was built near this scene of his youthful venture against the Indians.

The two Lytles, father and son, both named William, are distinguished from each other in our early histories by their military titles, the elder holding the rank of colonel, the younger that of general. The family stock is of Irish

origin. Colonel William Lytle was commissioned captain by Governor Morris, of Pennsylvania, in the year 1750, and he served in the old French and Indian War.

General William Lytle, like his father, became a famous Indian fighter and pioneer. At the age of fifteen he was put in command of a war party under the direction of the adventurous Daniel Boone. In the war of 1812, he was major-general of Ohio militia, and in 1828, President Andrew Jackson appointed him surveyor-general of the public lands of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan. He was founder of Lytlestown, now Williamsburg, Clermont county, Ohio, from which village he removed to Cincinnati, where he died in 1831.

General Robert Todd Lytle, third son of General William Lytle, was born in Williamsburg, in 1804. Coming to Cincinnati with his father's family in 1810, he was educated in the old Cincinnati College, after which he studied and practiced law. After serving a term in

the Ohio Legislature, he was elected, in 1834, to a seat in the National Congress. The next public office he filled was that of surveyor-general, to which he was appointed, as his father had been, by Jackson. Once more he was chosen Representative in the Ohio Legislature; and, later, was commissioned major-general of the Ohio militia, a rank held by his father before him, and afterwards by his illustrious son.

Robert T. Lytle was a person of fine presence, a courteous gentleman, an accomplished scholar. His ability in conversation, and as an orator at the bar and on the stump, was so marked as to win him universal admiration. In the democratic familiarity of political fellowship, his constituents delighted to call him "Orator Bob," just as Corwin's followers showed affectionate loyalty by huzzaing for "Old Tom."

On November 30, 1825, Robert Lytle married Miss Elizabeth Haines, of New Jersey, a lady of rare culture and beauty. Their chil-

dren were one son, William Haines Lytle, the subject of this memoir, and two daughters, Josephine R. and Elizabeth Haines Lytle. Robert T. Lytle died in New Orleans, in 1839, aged only thirty-five, and his wife survived him but two years.

On the east side of Lawrence street, midway between Third and Fourth, Cincinnati, stands a spacious old mansion ¹ surrounded by a broad lawn and shaded by trees. This is the Lytle residence, built by General William Lytle in 1810, and now occupied by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Josephine R. Foster.² It was the first brick residence of its grade erected in the city. When Andrew Jackson made his only visit to Cincinnati, he was General Lytle's guest, and held a levee, or "Old Hickory" reception, in the south parlor of this mansion.

¹ This historic mansion, which was still standing at the time of the dedication of "Lytle Park," was torn down by authority of the City Council, in the year 1908.

² Mrs. Foster died at the Lytle homestead, December 21, 1898.

Under its hospitable roof, the Lytle house has welcomed many noted visitors—statesmen, military officers, journalists, and foreign travelers. Always have its doors been open to such as sought or had won distinction in any department of art, science, or literature. Among these were Powers, the sculptor; Mitchel, the astronomer; Read and Fosdick, the poets. The book-shelves, cabinets, and walls are rich in family mementoes of four or five generations—autographs, official commissions, portraits, silhouettes, souvenirs of military interest and of patriotic devotion.

In this house, the home of his father and of his grandfather, was born William Haines Lytle, on November 2, 1826. Here, under the wise guidance of his father and the gentle care of his mother, he received the strong mental and moral impulses which started his thoughts and feelings in the right direction. Here, when his parents died leaving him an orphan at the age of fifteen, he was still the companion of

his two sisters, for whom he always cherished the warmest brotherly affection and most chivalrous regard. The mutual love and fidelity constantly manifested by three so near and dear to one another, illustrate how sacred and beautiful is the friendship of kindred, the reciprocal devotion of brother and sisters. Among W. H. Lytle's latest verses are the lines:

“In vain for me the applause of men,
The laurel won by sword or pen,
But for the hope, so dear and sweet,
To lay my trophies at your feet.”

These lines were written for the poet's sisters; and when he lay dead on the field of Chickamauga, friends found in his pocket-book the last letter they wrote to him, a letter filled with anxious solicitude and affectionate assurances.

William H. Lytle inherited the martial spirit of his ancestors, and the gift of eloquence. He early manifested a natural tendency to express himself in oratorical prose and romantic verse.

The poetical predilection he derived from his mother, who was an accomplished writer in meter and in prose. The favorite themes on which he exercised his boyish invention were patriotic. Stimulated to the pursuit of knowledge by all that he saw and heard at home, he read and studied and wrote, with that eager pleasure which, in an ambitious youth, gives promise of rapid progress. With steady fervor, he pored over books, not as a task, but as a privilege.

The formal schooling he received was from the professors of the old Cincinnati College, of which his grandfather was a founder, and in which his father was educated. Young Lytle gave his energy to the study of language—English, Latin, Greek, German, and French. His diligence was such that, before completing his sixteenth year, he finished the prescribed course and graduated with first honors, the youngest student in his class. The “oration” which he delivered on the occasion, February

3, 1843, was on "Law and the Legal Profession." A local newspaper mentions the speech as "the gem of the evening," and remarks that "Master Lytle is unquestionably an uncommonly good speaker; the mantle of his parent seems to have fallen upon him, graced by additional gifts from the God of Eloquence, which add to it fresh luster and brilliance"—a strain of rhetorical praise which probably pleased the young orator. Doubtless the several students who spoke graduation speeches that evening in College Hall were conscious of some special demand on them to meet the highest expectation of General Lewis Cass, who chanced to be in town and was present at the exercises.

The speech on law and lawyers was by no means the maiden effort of its author. A packet of closely-written, neatly-folded manuscripts, prepared for delivery before the Phi Delta Sigma society of the college, and preserved by the poet's sisters, contains a number of academic exercises of merit far beyond that

usually discovered in lads of fourteen or fifteen. One of these compositions is on "Love of Country," and another treats of "Intellectual Freedom," or rather, of the evil of mental servitude. In this last, the hereditary ardor and local pride of the young speaker are brought out in a vigorous appeal to his fellow-students to be worthy of their ancestors and the place of their nativity. "And then," he cries, "mightiest of motives—there is your lineage! descendants of the Western pioneers! natives of Western soil! Can you be degenerate?" In conclusion he quotes from William D. Gallagher the lines beginning,—

"Land of the West—green forest land!
Thine early day for deeds is famed,
Which in heroic page shall stand
Till bravery is no longer named."

While pursuing his studies at the old college, and finding such inspiration as could come to a boy in a new city, which he called the "Athens of the Backwoods," Lytle "caught

the trick " of verse, and often amused himself composing simple ballads and songs. The earliest of his metrical pieces that escaped destruction was composed when he was only fourteen years old, and is called "The Soldier's Death."

Having finished the college course, Lytle studied law under the guidance of his mother's brother, E. S. Haines, in whose office he was made ready for admission to the Cincinnati bar. During the five years of preparation, in his uncle's office, he found time to extend his general knowledge of science and literature, and especially of French and German.

The Mexican war, which broke out in 1846, had a romantic, adventurous, and spectacular character, irresistibly attractive to young men of cavalier instincts. The reports and rumors that came from Taylor's army, of marches and battles and bombardments, in the gulf-girt mountain land of the ancient Montezumas, sounded like some tale of mediæval war, in

which personal deeds of daring and pursuits of love made knight-errantry the glory of manhood. Hundreds of volunteers enlisted from all parts of the Ohio valley, leaving book on shelf and plow in furrow, to follow the flag in Mexico. No wonder that the martial blood of the young and brave was stirred by the recital of daring exploits and perilous escapes, shared by heroes who charged on the field of Palo Alto or helped to storm Monterey. The very names, Mexico, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, had a sonorous sound echoing of old Spain. Captain George W. Cutter led the Kenton Guards from Covington to the seat of war, and, after the battle of Buena Vista, told in verse how

“Amidst the sanguine dews
Lay the guards of Montezuma
And the knights of Vera Cruz.”

And another Kentucky poet, O'Hara, volunteering at the outbreak of the war, marched away beyond the Rio Grande, followed by those

gallant soldiers whose valor and death he commemorated afterward in the immortal quatrain:

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.”

Strange would it have been, had not William H. Lytle heard the bugle blow and the drum roll, even in his dreams, calling him to don the sword of his fathers, if for no other reason, from the impulse of military ardor and the love of glory. Enlisting in the summer of 1847, though yet in his minority, he was chosen first lieutenant in Company L in the Second Regiment of Infantry, Ohio Volunteers, Colonel Irwin of Lancaster commanding. The regiment was received into the service on the fifth of October, 1847, and was disbanded on the twenty-fifth of July, 1848. On the twenty-first of December, 1847, Lytle was made captain of his company.

Lytle’s campaigning in Mexico came too late

in the war to afford much occasion for active service, but it furnished valuable experience in military training, and gave opportunity to see a wonderful, tropical region, and to enjoy the poetical and romantic emotions evoked by adventures new and strange. The ten months' sojourn in Mexico was rich in literary material, part of which Lytle worked up in letters mainly descriptive of scenery. Some of his best poems were the fruit of his Mexican experience, for example, "The Volunteers" and "Popocatapetl."

Every youth whom "Fate reserves for a bright manhood," comes soon upon the day which bids him lay hold of his life-work in earnest, quit the dream and begin the deed. Lytle had in him a steady fire of energy which kept him always active. There was nothing eccentric about him, nothing irresolute. Though of the so-called "poetic temperament," he did not affect peculiar sensibilities, indulge unruly passions, or exact tribute of sentimental sympathy

from his friends. He was strong and self-reliant, asking no one to live for him or to die for him.

Returning to Cincinnati, when the Mexican war was ended, Lytle entered into a law partnership with the firm of Haines, Todd & Lytle; and at once found business as an advocate in the courts of the city. His general popularity among both Democrats and Whigs, and his known ability as a public speaker, led his friends of the Democratic party to nominate him as candidate for the state legislature, to which office he was elected in 1852. He served two terms in the House of Representatives, and was for a time speaker of that body. All the accounts which we have seen of his political career agree in testifying that, though he spoke seldom, his speaking was always to the point, clear, forcible, and effective.

One of his addresses, delivered in 1853, attracted much attention. The speech was in advocacy of a bill introduced by Durbin Ward,

of Warren county, to appropriate ten thousand dollars for a statue of Washington, by Hiram Powers, to be placed in the State House. The discourse was eloquent and persuasive, and it has a special interest because it discusses matters of taste and art, and pays deserved tribute to the genius of an American sculptor.

In 1857, Mr. Lytle was the candidate of the Democrats for lieutenant-governor, and canvassed the state, but was not elected. Governor Chase, in the same year, bestowed upon him the commission of major-general, commanding the first division of the Ohio militia. At that time no one foresaw the imminence of the war-cloud which was to burst in 1861. Though no acts of special military or political significance are ascribed to W. H. Lytle from the time of his appointment to the command of the militia to the breaking out of the Civil War, yet, perhaps, the verdict of posterity will be that within that period he achieved a triumph which will perpetuate his memory after

his war laurels have faded. In July, 1858, he wrote his best poem.

The story of General Lytle's splendid career from the day when Fort Sumter yielded—to the day of his death on the field of Chickamauga—a period of less than two years and eight months—covers the events of three principal campaigns, each signalized by a terrible battle. The time was indeed short, but it seems long because the flying days of it were laden with deeds of historic moment. The time was short, but long enough to develop many heroes; but not one more illustrious than William Haines Lytle, the poet-warrior.

President Lincoln's first call for troops was issued on Sunday, April 15, 1861. Next day, the governor of Ohio, William Dennison, telegraphed to General Lytle, ordering him to establish a camp at Cincinnati. Summoning his staff to meet at the Burnet House he kept them at work all night recruiting a regiment. A local military company, the Guthrie Grays,

was made the nucleus of the organization. So many volunteers desired to enlist that the doors of the rendezvous had to be locked after the last company of the regiment was filled with picked men. Hundreds of applicants were disappointed. On Tuesday the troops marched to Camp Harrison, on the grounds of the old trotting park, near Spring Grove. This was the first properly organized camp of instruction in the West.

The suddenly formed camp at once attracted universal attention to its scenes of busy preparation and high-wrought excitement. The chief interest and admiration centered in the commander. Scarcely had the troops assembled before throngs of citizens flocked to camp to proffer words of cheer and gifts of price. Mass was celebrated in the Irish companies of the Tenth Regiment, and Archbishop Purcell made a stirring speech to the soldiers. On the same day, May 15th, a sword was presented to Colonel Lytle by T. J. Gallagher, from

members of the Cincinnati bar. Other friends made the colonel an equally appropriate present, a handsome black horse of noble breed, bearing the Irish name, *Faugh-a-Ballagh*, or "Clear the Way."

On the 4th of June, 1861, the governor of Ohio issued a commission appointing Lytle colonel of the Tenth Infantry, Ohio Volunteers, known as the Montgomery Regiment, in honor of the Montgomery Guards. The regiment presently marched from Camp Harrison to Camp Dennison, on the Little Miami Railroad, sixteen miles from Cincinnati. Before the departure of the troops to Virginia, whither they were ordered, a stand of regimental colors was presented to the Tenth Regiment, an offering from patriotic women of Cincinnati. The flags were presented by Hon. Bellamy Storer, with an appropriate address. Colonel Lytle replied in these words:

"Sir: On behalf of the Tenth Regiment, I tender to the ladies of Cincinnati, through

you, our heartfelt thanks for these beautiful flags.

“When these wars are over, we will bring them back again to the Queen City of the West, without spot or blemish.

“You see around you a thousand men who to-day say good-by to their sweethearts and their friends. God bless the city, the state, the Union, and the ladies. We make no promises, but when it comes to the clash of steel, remember the Tenth.

“Sir, tell the ladies that there is not a man in these ranks who will not shed his heart’s blood like water beneath these colors.

“We bid you good-by, and God bless you all. ‘Faugh-a-Ballaugh.’”

The Montgomery regiment moved without delay to the assigned field of duty, in Western Virginia, taking its place in the general army. Numerous important services were required of the regiment, though it engaged in no great battle until September. Repeated testimonies

came from the war correspondents to the effect that "Colonel Lytle and his officers deserved the highest credit for their success in the long, heavy march over the mountains;" that "the colonel was wearing well and was fit for his onerous tasks;" and that his men were having a full share of "bush-whacking" and guerrilla warfare. On one occasion of terrible excitement, almost panic, Lytle rode in among the men, "addressed them in happy but emphatic terms, and left them cheering lustily all he said."

The battle of Carnifex Ferry, fought on September 10, 1861, was the first in which the Tenth Ohio was engaged, and the first scene of great slaughter witnessed by Colonel Lytle. The crimson baptism which the Montgomery regiment that day received rechristened it The Bloody Tenth. The new banner which mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts had given to the boys in blue, on the peaceful banks of the Miami, went down in the conflict, but

was not lost. Under its very folds, the young Colonel who had received it, and given pledge to protect it, fell wounded. His sergeant, Michael Fitzgibbons, shot all but to pieces, gasping in death, said: "Never mind me! Where is the flag? Where is it? For God's sake save the flag!" Another color-bearer, Daniel O'Conner, was shot down. Then Captain Stephen McGroarty held up the colors, was struck by a rifle ball and fell wounded. All this gallant work—no playing soldier now—took place immediately after Colonel Lytle fell, from the effect of a wound in the leg. A witness of the action says: "Lytle realized every idea of chivalry I had formed from romance or history." The gallant colonel was mounted on the black charger, *Faugh-a-Ballaugh*, when hit by the ball which also wounded the steed. The rider came to the ground, and, snatching a musket, began to fire at the foe, but the horse, plunging, fell dead within the enemy's works. A generous enthusiasm of valor glowed in the

hearts of Lytle's men, and spread to other regiments. It is related that Colonel Lowe, of the Twelfth Ohio, was heard to say, the moment before a bullet killed him: "I want to be where Lytle is. There is where the fighting will be." Captain McGroarty, the color-bearer, said: "Why, there are no men but would battle to the death if led by Colonel Lytle."

Colonel Lytle, with other wounded officers, was brought to Cincinnati, where, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Samuel J. Broadwell, he was cared for affectionately by his two sisters. All Cincinnati was ablaze with enthusiasm. The beautiful regimental flag, bearing the inscription, "God and Our Union," which the ladies had presented to the "Bloody Tenth," in June, was placed in a show-window of Shillito's store on Fourth street. A newspaper item said: "The staff is broken into several pieces, and in front of the banner lies the oil-cloth cover, stained with blood." People

came in curiosity to look, but, looking, could not see, for tears. The dread reality of war was but too sadly emblazoned in that blood-stained silken symbol. The common emotion found expression in several pieces of verse, among which was one by Mrs. S. H. Oliver, entitled, "Banner of the Tenth Ohio." The last two stanzas of her poem are here quoted:

"On the banks of Gauley river,
Many a son of Erin died;
Many a brave and loyal German
Fought Columbia's sons beside.

Honor to the Tenth Ohio,
Who the brunt of battle braved;
Henceforth let it be remembered,
Erin's sons the banner saved."

Having recovered from his wound, Colonel Lytle was placed in command of Camp Morton, at Bardstown, Kentucky, a camp of rendezvous and instruction, with an average presence of ten thousand troops. He remained at this post

from late in January till the beginning of April, 1862, and was then assigned to the command of the Seventeenth Brigade of the Third Division of the Army of the Cumberland, General O. M. Mitchel commanding. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writing under date of March 27, 1862, gives a lively description of what happened when Lytle presented himself for special orders at Camp Van Buren, Murfreesboro: "While I write," he says, "I hear a tremendous cheering, and go out to learn what it means. I see the guard turned out at present arms to some dignitary, and hasten to see who it is. Imagine my surprise, when I see Major Moore, of the Tenth Ohio, ride up to a squadron of cavalry and shake hands with a very modest-looking trooper, who, on closer inspection, turned out to be Colonel William H. Lytle. He was now on his way to General Mitchel's quarters, where the Tenth met him on their return from town. As soon as the boys recognized him, a cheer went

up that called out the whole camp; hats, caps, and guns went up in wild confusion, and the scene presented by the enthusiastic Tenth beggars description."

On the 23d of August, 1862, orders were issued instructing Colonel Lytle to "take command of all the forces at Huntsville and hasten the shipments of supplies" from that point to Louisville. The general commanding expressed in advance his confidence in Colonel Lytle's judgment and efficiency as an officer, "to perform the important and probably hazardous duties" assigned to him. Nor was this confidence misplaced. The march was successfully accomplished within seventeen days, without the loss of a soldier, an animal or a wagon. On the last day the command marched thirty-two miles, reaching Louisville on September 26th. Besides the troops, which included the Tenth Ohio, Fifteenth Kentucky, two companies Alabama loyal troops, one company Michigan engineers and mechanics, Loomis's, Ames's, Bal-

lard's, and Kennett's cavalry, the Third Ohio, and Forty-second Iowa, and Stone's Battery, the command was burdened with a train of over a hundred wagons, a drove of between five hundred and six hundred horses, and also by a large number of refugees. The dust and heat were intolerable, and water was scarce; but, notwithstanding drawbacks, the march was a "complete success."

The general movements of the armies of Buell and Bragg in the series of military operations culminating in the battle of Perryville can be read in any history of the Civil War. The special part of the general action, with which our sketch is concerned, was very clearly described in an admirable paper on Colonel Lytle read before the Loyal Legion by Dr. A. C. Kemper, in 1883, from which we quote:

"Colonel Harris notified Colonel Lytle that his left flank was exposed. Colonel Lytle saw that his right flank was also attacked by over-

whelming numbers. Upon the one side, General Bragg appeared in person on the field, and General Polk, encouraging his troops, and on the other, General Rosecrans, a host in himself. Colonel Lytle begged for reinforcements. He was ordered by General McCook to hold his ground. Next day it was asked by some one if, under such circumstances, he obeyed the order. The reply was 'Go ask Rousseau! Go ask the Fifteenth Kentucky! And, if you dare, go ask the Tenth Ohio if Lytle obeyed the order!'

"The most practicable thing to do was done. Colonel Lytle dismounted, and led in person a charge by the flank. A fragment of a shell struck him on the left side of the head, behind the ear, prostrating him and covering him with blood. Sergeant Donohue lifted him in his arms, only to be told 'Leave me; I'm done for. Stand by your colors!' He was left upon the field with his dead orderly, Robb; one of his aides, Lieutenant St. John; and two hundred

and sixty-five out of five hundred and twenty-eight of the Tenth Ohio.”

His wound, though frightful in appearance, did not prove dangerous. He was taken prisoner, but soon released on parole, and sent home. The battle of Perryville was fought October 7, 1862; Colonel Lytle returned to the home of his brother-in-law, Dr. Nathaniel Foster, Cincinnati, on October 13th.

Lytle was ill-content to stay at home longer than necessity required. Immediately he solicited the Secretary of War to hasten orders for his exchange. Secretary Stanton responded in a telegram, dated October 14, saying: “The adjutant-general is instructed to negotiate your exchange as speedily as possible. Allow me to express my high estimation of your gallantry and hope for your speedy recovery and restoration to your command with appropriate rank.” On the next day, the following letter was dispatched from the state capital:

“HEADQUARTERS PAROLED PRISONERS,

“COLUMBUS, O., *October 25, 1862.*

“*Colonel*—Yours of yesterday reporting yourself as a paroled prisoner is at hand.

“I will answer it myself, Colonel, that the opportunity to tell you how sincerely sorry I am that you are hurt and a prisoner, may not slip me. I wish, also, to congratulate you that you have won fame so far. Courage and a clear head are God’s good gifts, and for our country’s sake I am glad you have so nobly manifested them as your properties.

“No doubt you are in excellent quarters, surrounded by friends; if so, remain there until you are recovered, exchanged, and receive orders. You are needed in the field, where I wish to heaven I could accompany you. Wishing you well, Colonel, I am most truly your friend,

“LEWIS WALLACE, *Maj.-Genl.*

“TO COLONEL W. H. LYTLE.”

The complimentary dispatch from the Secretary of War, and General Wallace's cordial letter of soldierly congratulation, though grateful to Colonel Lytle's feelings, only increased his anxiety to return to the field and resume his command. After waiting impatiently two months for news of his restoration to the service, he wrote to the commissary of prisoners, inclosing a copy of Secretary Stanton's telegram. His letter ran as follows:

"CINCINNATI, *January 5, 1863.*

"COLONEL WILLIAM HOFFMAN, U. S. A.,

"Commissary General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C.:

*"Colonel—*At the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, while engaged in rallying one of my regiments, momentarily thrown into some disorder by an attack of the enemy in great force, I was disabled by a wound and taken prisoner. On the day following, I was paroled at Harrodsburg. On the night of my arrival in this

city, I received a telegram from Washington, of which the inclosed is a copy. Notwithstanding this order to the adjutant-general, I have not yet, after the lapse of more than two months, received any notification of my exchange, and recently, at Murfreesboro, to my intense regret, my old command has been in action without me. May I not ask, Colonel, your earliest attention to my case, and that, if practicable, my exchange may be effected without greater delay?

“I will add, that my address is to Cincinnati, under orders from Major-General Wallace, commanding camp of paroled prisoners at Columbus, dated October 25, 1862, to remain here until I was recovered, exchanged, and receive orders.

“I have the honor to be, Colonel, your obedient servant,

“W^M. H. LYTLE,

“*Colonel Tenth Ohio, lately commanding
Seventeenth Brigade, Rousseau's Division.*”

On November 29, 1862, Colonel Lytle was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and early in the following February he was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, in the Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps of the Army of the Cumberland. The corps was commanded by Rosecrans, the division by Sheridan. Lytle's brigade had been commanded by General Sill, a distinguished Ohioan, who fell in the battle of Murfreesboro. A sergeant-major in the brigade, referring to Lytle's succession to Sill's command, says:

“It speedily became apparent that the same lofty courtesies and qualities of mind and heart which had so endeared to us the one, shone out with an equal luster in the character of the other. The same calm breadth of justice, the same high scorn of meanness and baseness, the same rare culture, the same philosophic quiet and studious earnestness to excel, the same genial warmth of manner, the same affectionate tenderness for the comfort of his subordinates,

whether officers or men, the same scrupulous care not to offend, the same magnanimity toward foes, and the same magnificent surrender of self toward friends, distinct in individuals, yet alike in their grand resemblances to the patterns and models of the race—it is enough for me to say that the beautiful tribute which General Lytle, in his late speech at Bridgeport, paid to the virtues and valor and wisdom of Sill, is itself the best and truest eulogy that can be pronounced over Lytle.”

The speech alluded to was a notable one which was delivered in accepting a jeweled Maltese cross presented at Bridgeport, Alabama, by officers of the Tenth Ohio. The magnificent ornament of gold set with emeralds and diamonds, with inscriptions and the Irish emblem the shamrock engraved upon it, was presented near a spring close by the general's quarters on a Sunday evening, August 9, 1863, just seven weeks before the day of his death at Chickamauga. Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, of

the Tenth Ohio, made the presentation speech, and pinned the cross to the general's coat. In the course of his eloquent address in reply, General Lytle said:

“ I will not deny, gentlemen, that, when on reporting to this department, I found you were to be no longer in my command, I felt that sense of loneliness and isolation natural to one whose old army associations were broken up. My present command will pardon me for saying this, I know, for, in my judgment, no man who forgets his old friends deserves to make new ones. But long since I have felt perfectly at home, and I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing to the officers and men of the First Brigade my heartfelt thanks for the warm and generous welcome they have awarded to a stranger. Gentlemen of the Tenth Ohio, you see around you your brethren in arms, the men of Sheridan's division; men from the North-west, from the clans of the people who pitch their tents on the prairies of Illinois and Michigan and

Wisconsin, and by the shores of the great lakes—veterans of Pea Ridge, Perryville, and Stone River. When the next fight comes on, may they and the old Tenth stand shoulder to shoulder, and see by whom, in glorious emulation, our battle-flags into the ranks of the enemy can be flung the farthest and followed the closest.”

In this noble strain the orator went on, making the most memorable speech of his life, a speech which, in its simple fervid force and sincerity, is not unworthy to be placed side by side with Lincoln’s, at Gettysburg. The closing paragraph of the warrior poet’s address is in the following words:

“That the day of ultimate triumph for the Union arms, sooner or later, will come, I do not doubt, for I have faith in the courage, the wisdom, and the justice of the people. It may not be for all of us here to-day to listen to the chants that greet the victor, nor to hear the bells ring out the new nuptials of the States. But those who do survive can tell, at least, to

the people, how their old comrades, whether in the skirmish or the charge, before the rifle-pit or the redan, died with their harness on, in the great war for the Union and Liberty."

The effect of this eloquent address—the last public utterance, as it proved, of a brave patriot—was profound and thrilling.

The poet, Richard Realf, who was present—then sergeant-major in the Eighty-eighth Illinois Volunteers—was inspired by the speech to compose, on the field, the following sonnet, which we copy from the original draft.

SONNET.

[Speech of Brigadier General Wm. H. Lytle, Bridgeport, Ala.]

"Vates!" I shouted, while your solemn words,
Rhythmic with crownèd passion lilted past,
"That land which, clung with agony, affords
Great souls all coined in one grand battle-blast
Like this soul and this singing, shall not fail
So much as by a hair-breadth, of the large
Results of affluent wisdom, whereunto
Across the bloody gaps our swords must hew,
And far beyond the mountain and the marge,
We press with bruised limbs that yet shall scale

The topmost heights of being:" therefore thou
Lead on, that we may follow, for I think
The future hath not wherefrom we should shrink;
Held by the steadfast shining of your brow.

The terrific battle of Chickamauga, so fraught with disaster, so memorable for deeds of heroic daring, raged for two days, September 19 and 20, 1863. It was in the forenoon of the second day, Sunday, that General Lytle while directing the movements of his brigade, on horseback, was shot and killed by a ball which struck him in the head. He was the only Union officer of high rank who fell that day.

The manuscript journal of Captain Alfred Pirtle, aide-de-camp on General Lytle's staff, affords an accurate and sympathetic description of the general's personal aspect and conduct on the battle-field just before the onslaught in which his life was lost. The journal says:

"The Eighty-eighth Illinois, led by General Lytle, charged the enemy and took position on the top of a gentle slope. A few moments

after, the Thirty-sixth Illinois joins them, and then the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin moves up to the support of the Thirty-sixth Illinois. Our other regiment, the Twenty-first Michigan, is also soon engaged, and a section of the Eleventh Indiana Battery pushed up the hill by hand.

“The general is sitting on his horse at this time, facing south, his left side toward the enemy, grasping in military style his reins in his left hand; his sword drawn, the blade sloping upward, rests upon the reins. He wears high top boots, plain dark blue pants, overcoat without ornament or cape, buttoned to the throat, with sword-belt outside—the only mark of rank being the gold cord of a general on a military hat; under his overcoat he wears a single-breasted blouse with brigadier-general shoulder-straps. His horse is caparisoned as becomes his rank. Upon his face is an indescribable expression caused by what is called the ‘battle-fire’—a spirit of enthusiasm brought on by the tremendous excitement of the conflict, which ir-

radiates every feature, sparkles from his eyes, marks with sharp outlines the curves of the nostrils, and seems ready to leap forth in words from his parted lips. I can almost see him now.

“He leans toward me, and I bend to catch his words, while he calmly says with a firm voice, ‘Pirtle, I am hit.’ For an instant I can not speak; my heart almost ceases to beat, but I say, ‘Are you hit hard, General?’ ‘In the spine; if I have to leave the field, you stay here and see that all goes right.’ ‘I will, General.’ And then, after a pause, I say, ‘Good-by,’ not knowing whether he is going or not.

“The enemy’s fire is heavier, indicating that they are reinforced, while our men drop fast. A moment or two after, in order to strengthen the thin line, he sent me away to bring up a regiment that had fallen back below the brow of the hill. While doing this, the line began to give way, the general’s horse galloped wildly down the hill, and I felt that he had fallen from

his wound. My horse was wounded by an exploding shell, escaping from me in his terror and pain, but I made an effort to get back to the spot where I had left the general, till the tide of men retiring in some confusion, forced me to turn from my direct path, and I could not approach the scene, as our line was being driven back. I was told that General Lytle was killed, and with a heart almost bursting with emotion, I joined in the retreat.

“After the battle, I met one of our orderlies, a soldier of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, who was ever ready to do the utmost for the general, and who said he reached General Lytle’s side after he had fallen from his horse, lying speechless, but he handed him his sword and motioned him from the field.”

The desperate final dash, which Captain Pirtle could not witness, was described by others who saw the close of the dread drama. Lytle said to his staff before the third and last onset which he led that day, “All right, men! We

can die but once! This is our time and place. Let us charge!"

Captain E. B. Parsons, commander of Company K, Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, whose private letters to his parents and others written at Chattanooga, in October, 1863, have been consulted in the preparation of this memoir, narrating the particulars of the fatal charge, says: "From the moment I saw an aide from General Sheridan ride to General Lytle with an order for him to bring his brigade into action, he was constantly in my sight up to the moment he was shot. A few moments before we were ordered in, he rode down alone near where I was standing, and as I saluted him, he wheeled his horse around and, speaking to the men of my company, said: 'Boys, if we whip them to-day, we will eat our Christmas dinner at home.' Soon the bugles rang out and we started, our regiment following the battery, and as we left the road and formed line of battle, General Lytle and his staff rode right behind the center

of our regiment, and he remained there until he was shot. Almost the last words he uttered were, 'Brave, brave, brave boys!' As I was looking into his face, a ball struck him, and it seemed to me must have struck him in the face or head, for the blood flowed from his mouth. He did not fall from his horse, but one of his staff officers eased him down on the ground."

The young officer who received the dying general into his arms was Captain Howard Greene, of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin. In a letter to Dr. N. Foster, dated November 1, 1863, he gives the following particulars: "We had been hotly engaged with the enemy for nearly half an hour before he was struck. At the time the general and myself were on horseback, in the front line. He had just turned to give an order, when he was struck in the face. He was no sooner struck than he reeled in his saddle and I saw at once that he was seriously wounded, and that, unless caught by some one, he would fall headlong to the ground. I jumped

from my horse, caught him by the head and shoulders, and lifted him carefully down. He recognized me as I caught him, and tried to speak." . . . "I called Passmore and Sillcox, two of the general's orderlies, to me, and we then started with the body to the rear. We had gone but a short distance when we met Colonel J. F. Harrison coming up with a regiment he had been rallying. As soon as he saw us, he jumped from his horse and helped us carry the general. A few steps further on, Sillcox was killed. By this time the brigade had broken, and was going past us to the rear. It was just at this time that Lytle opened his eyes and tried to speak, but could not. I asked him if he wished to lie down, and he nodded." . . . "Soon after this the general breathed his last. Colonel Harrison then left to rally his men, and I was left alone with the body. I knelt down by the general's side and satisfied myself that he was indeed lifeless. By this time the rebels were closing in from our left and

were not a hundred feet away, and, feeling satisfied that I could be of no further use to the general, I also went to the rear."

Within less than a month after this letter was written, the brave Captain Greene was himself killed (November 25th), in the charge at Mission Ridge.

The gallant Colonel Wm. B. McCreery, of the Twenty-first Michigan Infantry, was one of those who helped to bear the general from the field, and while so doing was himself wounded, taken prisoner, and afterward confined in Libby.

General Lytle had been carried to a green knoll under a tree, where his body was afterward recognized by Confederate officers. The respectful and even reverential care which it received at the hands of the enemy was owing largely to the fact that the dead general was recognized not only as a distinguished soldier, but also as a poet. A Confederate major, Douglas West, of General Zack Deas' brigade,

was requested by a Federal officer to protect the body of the dead general. West relates that, on hearing the name Lytle, he was thrilled, being "familiar with the poem which made the name immortal." Major West took in his keeping the general's sword-belt and scabbard, pistol, portemonnaie, memorandum book, spurs, and even his shoulder-straps. "That night," he says, "in our bivouac by the camp-fire, we read the papers, letters, and scraps of poetry that we found in the pocket-book."

The Confederate officer, Colonel Wm. Miller Owen, in his reminiscences of the Civil War, relates that, while riding over the battle-field of Chickamauga, on September 20, 1863, he came upon the body of General Lytle, which he recognized as that of an old friend. He says: "A Confederate soldier was standing guard over the body. Dismounting, I asked the man his instructions, and he replied: 'I am here to take charge of this body, and to allow no one to touch it.' 'All right,' I said, 'I hope you

will do it.' Lytle was dressed in fatigue uniform. His shoulder-straps, one star, indicated his rank as a brigadier-general. He wore high riding boots, a regulation overcoat, dark kid-gloves. While standing beside the body, General Preston rode up, and asked: 'Who have you there?' I replied: 'General Lytle, of Cincinnati.' 'Ah!' said General Preston, 'General Lytle, the son of my old friend Bob Lytle! I am sorry it is so.' And he then dismounted, and was much affected. After asking the sentinel his instructions, and receiving the same answer I had obtained, he said to him: 'See that you do it, my man.'"

A beautiful instance of personal friendship between enemies in war, was afforded by the conduct of a Confederate surgeon, E. W. Thomason, who had been a fellow-soldier with Lytle in Mexico, and, who, recognizing the body of his old comrade on the field of Chickamauga, had it carried to his tent, gave it decent burial, and marked the grave. The wounds on the

face of the dead officer his Southern friend covered first with green leaves, then with a lace net and a fine cambric handkerchief. Nor did a thoughtful sympathy forget a still more delicate care. The surgeon clipped some locks of the slain soldier's hair, and sent them to the sisters of Lytle in Cincinnati. The articles found on his person were forwarded also. In his pocket-book were found a printed copy of a poem, of unknown authorship, entitled, "Company K," and a letter from his sister, Mrs. Broadwell.

The remains of General Lytle had been buried twenty days when they were recovered by Colonel Ward of the Tenth Ohio, who bore a flag of truce to the Confederate lines. An escort of ten men from the Tenth Ohio, in charge of Lieutenant Donahue, conveyed the body to Louisville, where it was met by the slain general's brother-in-law, Dr. Foster, and placed on the mail-boat *Nightingale*. The boat reached Cincinnati at twelve o'clock, Wednesday, October 21.

On their arrival, the remains were received by a company of sixty men from the Seventh Ohio militia, under command of Captain R. W. Carroll, and were escorted to the court-house and laid in state in the rotunda. The black coffin, with massive silver mountings, was placed on a dais in the center of the room, and was strewn with white roses. Four sentries guarded the body. One of these, a private of the old Tenth, having been ordered to keep still until relieved, stood at "order arms" for two hours, without moving a muscle, no one relieving him by some neglect. Being asked how long he intended to remain on guard in that rigid attitude, he said: "Forever, if not regularly relieved." Such was the soldier's idea of discipline and fidelity.

During the afternoon a multitude of citizens, men and women, poured into the rotunda to look upon the casket that contained their hero's clay, over which the tattered flag of the Tenth Ohio drooped its mournful folds. Of those who

paid tributes of grief that day, no one was more sincere than the aged colored servant who had been with General Lytle in his campaigns, and now stood weeping at the foot of the coffin.

At sunset the body was taken from the courthouse, and escorted to the residence of General Lytle's brother-in-law, Mr. S. J. Broadwell.

The funeral obsequies of General Lytle were conducted with much solemnity, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 22, 1863. From an excellent editorial report, published in the *Daily Commercial*, the following account of the solemn ceremonies is condensed.

At one o'clock the doors of Christ Church, on Fourth street, were opened to the ladies, many of whom were already waiting. Many of the mothers and wives and sisters of those who had gone out with the brave Lytle to fight the battles of their country, took this opportunity of showing that respect for the fallen hero which they would wish to have shown to their own

dear ones. To prevent crowding the church, no gentlemen were admitted at first, save those mentioned in the order of the day. The judges of the courts, members of the bar, the city council, the clergy, and others, entered and were seated in bodies by themselves. All the room except that required for the relatives and special friends was thus occupied.

At two o'clock the dirge from the band in the street announced the approach of the cortège. The deep and solemn tones of the organ inside the church responded to the music from without. At the door the remains of the departed general were met by Bishop McIlvaine and Rev. Mr. McCarty, pastor of the church, and as with measured steps they led the way to the altar, the congregation rose, and the bishop read from the liturgy. Prayer and an anthem closed the services. The guard from the Tenth Ohio, who had attended the body faithfully from the day it left Chattanooga, then carried the coffin back to the hearse; the

mourners and several delegations followed, and entered the carriages in waiting.

The streets were lined with spectators, and Fourth street, from Broadway to Race, was completely blocked. Along the line of march, many beautiful flags were hung out, tied with crape, and in all parts of the city they drooped at half-mast.

The military display was the largest ever seen at any funeral obsequies in this city. Our four militia regiments were out in force. After the long lines of infantry in platoons, with arms reversed, and marching to the solemn dirges played by the bands, came a battery of artillery, two guns abreast.

The hearse, surrounded by a cluster of distinguished pall-bearers, followed the battery. It was drawn by six milk-white horses, with black plumes, and was draped with emblems of mourning. The coffin was partially covered with a beautiful silk flag. Behind the hearse stepped the charger of the departed hero, with

the boots of the fallen rider depending from either side of the saddle.

Carriages containing his staff and relatives came next, while near by walked the aged negro servant of the general, who was once the waiting man of Commodore Perry, now following the dead body of his second hero-master to the grave.

Not far behind, the tattered banner of the Tenth Ohio was borne by some of the sturdy arms which, under its folds, had struck heavily at the rebellion on more than one field. It is now a mere tatter of silk, grimed with exposure. It was closely furled and inclosed in festoons of crape, tied at intervals with black silk ribbons.

An immense retinue of carriages, containing the mayor and city officials, bar, numerous navy and army officers, and many distinguished private citizens, brought up the rear of the procession. The police, handsomely uniformed, were in advance. The procession occupied about

half an hour in passing. It proceeded out Freeman street to Hamilton road, where the escort drew aside and permitted the hearse and carriages to pass on to Spring Grove, where all that is mortal of the gifted and noble-hearted Lytle now reposes, near the city of his birth and love.

A large number of distinguished officers, including, probably, all who could reach the city, attended the funeral as mourners. Among the number was General Stanley, commanding the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland.

The Lytle monument stands in the beautiful cemetery of Spring Grove in Cincinnati's suburbs. It is of the Grecian order of architecture, twenty-four and a half feet high, and is made of pure Carrara marble. Upon the east and west sides are sculptured suspended laurel wreaths. The east side has the name of William Lytle; the west, that of Robert T. Lytle. The north side shows the symbolic scroll and pen; underneath is inscribed the

name of General William H. Lytle. The south side is adorned by a bas-relief representing the battle-field of Chickamauga. The general, seated on his horse, and with drawn sword, is in the act of leading the charging columns on that fatal day. The bas-relief is surmounted by a cap adorned with shield and cross-swords. Above all these springs a thirteen fluted column, suggestively broken off. On the top is an eagle holding a garland of laurel leaves. It is a tasteful and appropriate tribute of affection from the general's sisters to their family.

The quality of W. H. Lytle's personality was shown in all he said and did. In him, the boy was father to the man, and his days were "linked each to each," with consistent achievements. The reputation which the public gave the hero represented truly his character. There were "no tricks" in his "plain and honest faith." That he was a man of energy, of integrity, of courage, of generosity, every act of his life illustrates. The martial impulse and

habit controlled his destiny, molded his thinking, and colored his language. Nevertheless, he loved peace and the quiet employments of the scholar. Though he did not marry, his verses give ample testimony that he loved and honored woman, and had strong domestic instincts as well as ardent passions. In one of his gay madrigals written in the year before his death, he sang:

“But when the birds of morning sing,
And all the wars are over,
Our lances at your feet we'll fling,
And then we'll play the lover.”

The chivalric temper was shown throughout his history; he was the Bayard of a democratic land. Masculine, vigorous, gallant, he had in him the supreme virtue, *manliness*. Manly he was, and also gentlemanly. General Banning relates that when General Lytle was preparing himself for his terrible last battle, he was observed to be in full uniform, and while pulling on his gloves said merrily, in reply to a question

why he had taken such care with his toilet, "I have tried to live like a gentleman, and I propose to die like one."

General Lytle was a handsome man, of slight and graceful build, but well developed, erect, and nervous. Like that of Wordsworth's Wanderer, "his whole figure breathed intelligence." His complexion was delicate, of a rosy softness almost feminine, his eyes were gray, and his brown hair lay in rich, silken masses over a high forehead. The mouth was firm, indicative of resolute character. Altogether the face was expressive of intellect and sentiment—an interesting face, capable of assuming the stern frown of anger, and the sweetest smile of affection.

To summarize the hero's life and character in a few lines, we borrow the words of the great Ben Jonson, who, in his ode to the memory of Sir H. Morison, exactly portrays William H. Lytle. We have only to substitute one name for the other:

“Alas! but Morison fell young;
He never fell—thou fall’st, my tongue,
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son,
All offices were done
By him so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his *age* imperfect might appear,
His *life* was of humanity the sphere.”

Within the period of thirty-seven years, measuring the short life of William H. Lytle, he proved himself a good scholar, a successful lawyer, an influential politician and legislator, and a military commander of great courage, skill, and popularity. He was also an orator of uncommon ability. To his triumphs achieved at the bar, on the floor of the House of Representatives, and in the army, must be added his accomplishments in literature, especially poetry. Mr. Leslie J. Perry, of Washington, D. C., in a discriminating article on the “Warrior-Poet,” ventures to say that, “Notwithstanding his military fame already earned,

notwithstanding the high encomiums passed upon him by his commander and brother officers, I judge that William Haines Lytle is already better, and will be longer, remembered as the author of a little poem than as a soldier of the republic." Time alone can verify or disprove the correctness of this opinion; but there seems no reason for not prophesying that Lytle's sword and pen will be remembered together, and that each will add sacredness to the other. It is no detraction from the meed of the most famous martial chieftain to magnify his literary victories. Renown in arms is doubly dignified in the hero illustrious in letters. For, after all is said, there is ineffable truth in the line of the poet, Coates Kinney, who sings:

"To be immortal thou must think a thought."

So fugitive is the fame even of the most eminent and worthy that their memory is apt to fade fast as the flowers on the grave. Wars

come and pass, but the conflict of life, like a perpetual Chickamauga, storms on around the generations, and yesterday's idol is forgotten to-day. Therefore it is no small or common distinction to gain by sword or pen, or both, such recognition among men as insures, not immortality on earth, but even fifty years of posthumous fame. More than thirty years have now elapsed since General Lytle passed away, and the interest in his poetry, far from abating, is now keener than ever before.¹

There are poets of repute, of whose verse not so much as a single stanza finds lodgement in the popular memory; there are poems of unknown authorship of such haunting charm that

¹ Since the first edition of this book was issued, in 1894, representative poems of William Haines Lytle have appeared in various standard collections, including Stedman's "An American Anthology," Egbert Burton Stevenson's "Poems of American History," and Emerson Venable's "Poets of Ohio," in which last named volume Lytle is accorded a distinguished place.

everybody knows them by heart; and now and then a rare soul, born gifted with the faculty divine, leaves his name embalmed in some nobly inspired poem produced by him in a happy creative hour. Such a favored being was William Haines Lytle, who bequeathed to the world the spontaneous lyric, "Antony and Cleopatra," one of those immortal songs

"Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" is held responsible for having first put into circulation the absurd fiction that Lytle's famous poem was written while the author lay mortally wounded after the battle of Chickamauga. The true history of the composition of the poem is this: "Antony and Cleopatra" was written at the Lytle homestead in the summer of 1858. The original manuscript—long in the possession of the poet's sister, Mrs. Josephine R. Foster—was dashed off in a glow of creative excitement

by the author, who left it lying upon a writing-table in his private room. There it was found by Wm. W. Fosdick, an intimate friend of Lytle, and himself a poet of more than local celebrity. "Who wrote this, Lytle?" inquired Fosdick, after reading the poem. "Why, I did," answered Lytle. "How do you like it?" Fosdick expressed admiration for the verses, and taking the liberty of a literary comrade, he carried a copy of the manuscript away and gave it to the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, with the explanatory note: "ED'S COM.—The following lines from our gifted and gallant townsman, General William H. Lytle, we think, constitute one of the most masterly lyrics which has ever adorned American poetry; and we predict a popularity and perpetuity for it unsurpassed by any Western production.—W. W. F." The poem appeared in the *Commercial* on July 29, 1858.

The poem "Antony and Cleopatra" is enjoyed not only by the uncritical reader, "too

simple to admire," but by exacting judges in literary art. For, though not a perfect piece of artistic work, it is of masterly power, and sustained excellence of style. The vigor never flags, the passionate swell of its music mounts higher and higher to the climax in the last line. No lapse into bathos, no straining for rhetorical effect impairs the dignity of the verse, which moves on with a rapid and intense but sincere and solemn energy from the beginning to the close. It is hard to decide whether the dramatic or the lyric element predominates, for, while the imperative song recalls action and the rush of war, subjective feeling surcharges every stanza—and, while remembering Rome and glory, Antony dies triumphing in the love of "Egypt."

The strong and beautiful poem, "Antony and Cleopatra," is the author's masterpiece, certainly, but not by any means his only good poem. The reader will find among the pieces, now for the first time collected, several produc-

tions of such merit as to demonstrate the injustice of ranking Lytle among the "one-poem poets," though some of these rank very high. The apostrophe to "Popocatapetl" is a fine poetical conception, well wrought out, and shows how carefully this poet was capable of finishing his work, which, it must be admitted, he too seldom took pains to elaborate. "Macdonald's Drummer" is a brilliant descriptive ballad, full of pathos. The "Brigand's Song," "Jaqueline," "Sailing on the Sea," and "The Volunteers," picture in the glowing colors of romance, the adventures of love and war, and the objective delights and darings of hot-blooded youth.

The martial strain best suited the genius of Lytle's muse. The "Antony and Cleopatra" is essentially a song of war. The greater number of the selections in the book treat of military and patriotic subjects, and the war poems are undoubtedly superior to the rest. All along the pages are scattered epithets and phrases

exulting in "the big war," "the glittering guard," "clanking spurs," "waving plumes," "freeman's sword," "bugle note," and "roll of drums."

Next after the war songs, in number and in merit, come madrigals of love, of which "Farewell," "Sweet May Moon," "Valentine," and "Two Years Ago," are good examples. The most artistic of the poems of the amatory class is the passionate "Anacreontic," especially the first two stanzas which, in warm imagery and melodious singing quality, suggest the lost art of Marlowe and Ben Jonson. But the sentiment and also the style of Lytle's verse are not much influenced by the Elizabethan literature. They belong more to the romantic school of the first part of the nineteenth century.

The influence of Byron, Moore, and Shelley is plainly discernible in the form, and to some extent in the substance, of some of Lytle's poetry. In the "Haunted River," and one or two

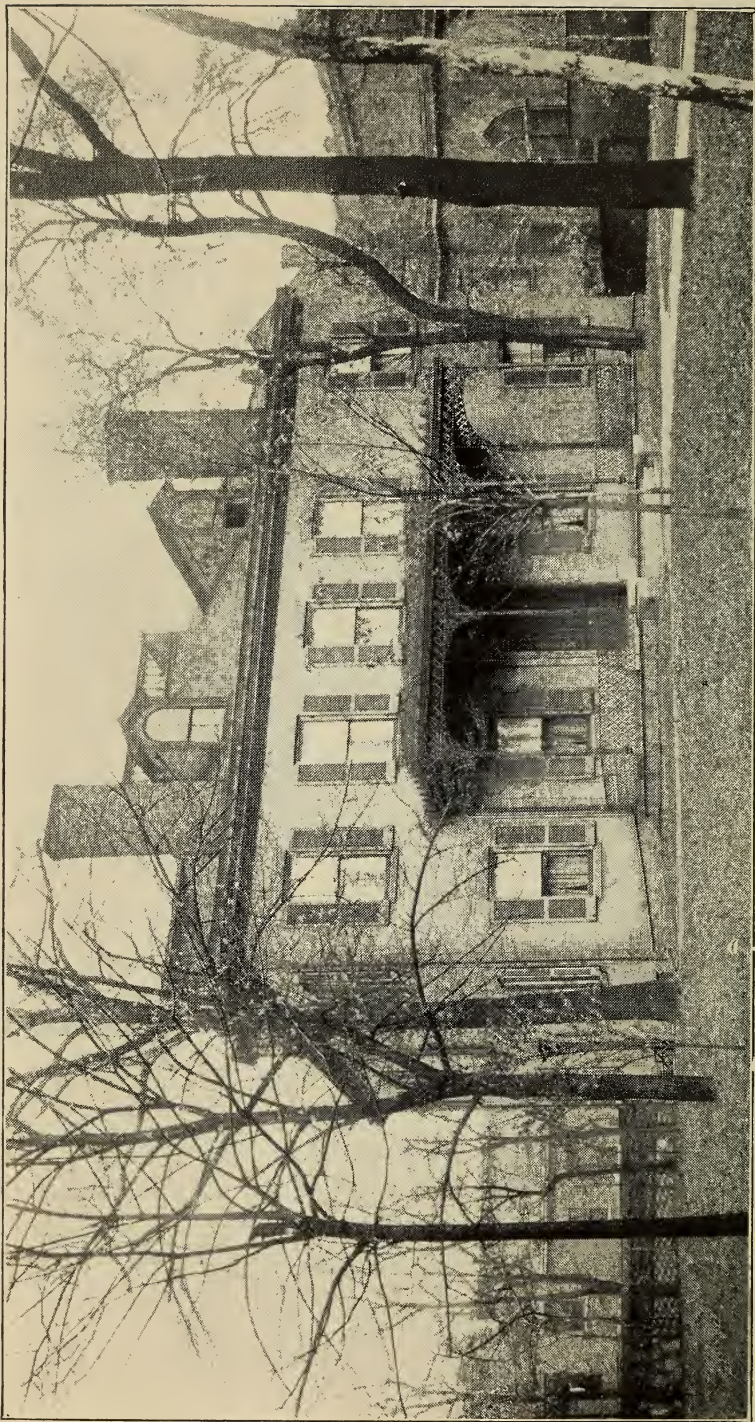
other pieces, echoes seem to come from the sounding gallery of Edgar A. Poe.

Critics will notice, in the poems here collected, some faulty metaphors, and a few defects in meter and rhyme. But we must not forget that General Lytle had little leisure for literary study and composition, and made no claim to proficiency in the artistry of poetics; nor were the poems ever subjected to the author's careful revision for publication. He wrote for pleasure and from impulse, more absorbed in the poetical contents of his work than in precise, technical forms. Those pieces marked by a date earlier than 1847, are to be judged as juvenile productions.

One cannot read the poems of William Haines Lytle without being impressed by a serious tone of morality and religion which pervades them. They breathe, besides, pure patriotism, tender regard for kindred, and loyalty to friends. The poet, in his solitary hours, meditated deeply on human life and destiny,

and read deep lessons in nature—in trees and streams, in mountains and stars. His moods were sometimes tinged with melancholy, that infinite disappointment which comes to those who vainly seek on earth to realize the poet's visions and dreams.

POEMS



LYTLE HOMESTEAD

POEMS

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!

 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh Queen, enfold me,
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,

I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—
Altars, augurs, circling wings,—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!

Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile;
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine,
 I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
 They are coming; quick, my falchion!
 Let me front them ere I die.
 Ah, no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell;
 Isis and Osiris guard thee,—
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

1858.

POPOCATAPETL.

Pale peak, afar
Gilds thy white pinnacle, a single star,
While sharply on the deep blue sky thy snows
In death-like calm repose.

The nightingale
Through "Mira Flores" bowers repeats her
tale,
And every rose its perfumed censer swings
With vesper offerings.

But not for thee,
Diademed king, this love-born minstrelsy,
Nor yet the tropic gales that gently blow
Through these blest vales below.

Around thy form
Hover the mid-air fiends, the lightning warm,

Thunder, and by the driving hurricane,
In wrecks thy pines are slain.

Deep in thy heart
Burn on vast fires, struggling to rend apart
Their prison walls, and then in wrath be hurled
Blazing upon the world.

In vain conspire
Against thy majesty tempest and fire;
The elemental wars of madness born,
Serene, thou laugh'st to scorn.

Calm art thou now
As when the Aztec, on thine awful brow,
Gazed on some eve like this from Chalco's shore,
Where lives his name no more.

And thou hast seen
Glitter in dark defiles the ominous sheen
Of lances, and hast heard the battle-cry
Of Castile's chivalry.

And yet again
Hast seen strange banners steering o'er the
main,
When from his eyrie soared to conquest forth
The Eagle of the North.

Yet, at thy feet,
While rolling on, the tides of empire beat,
Thou art, oh mountain, on thy world-piled
throne,
Of all, unchanged alone.

Type of a power
Supreme, thy solemn silence at this hour
Speaks to the nations of the Almighty Word
Which at thy birth was stirred.

Prophet sublime!
Wide on the morning's wings will float the
chime
Of martial horns; yet 'mid the din thy spell
Shall sway me still—farewell!

BRIGAND'S SONG.

Through the Sierra's wild ravines
An old grandee of Spain
Is passing with his dark-eyed girls
And all his gorgeous train;
The spoil is rich, the guard is weak,
The way is rough and long,
So bathe your lips in foaming wine,
And chant your parting song.
Drink, brothers, drink,
Drink, men, and away;
Adieu, señoras, in your smiles
We'll bask before the day.

The moon is in the azure skies,
The stars are by her side,
They glitter in her path of light
Like maids around a bride;

Like night-birds let us sally forth
Where booty may be won ;
So whet the poignard's polished edge,
And gird your carbines on.
Arm, brothers, arm,
Arm, men, and away ;
Adieu, señoras, in your smiles
We'll bask before the day.

All hail to-night ; for since the world
Was made in times of old,
The day has been for coward knaves,
The night time for the bold ;
Hark ! to the mule-bells' distant chime,
Our lady, grant a boon,
That ere an hour the ring of steel
May drown their jingling tune.
Mount, brothers, mount,
Mount, men, and away ;
Adieu, señoras, in your smiles
We'll bask before the day.

To horse! Hurra—with thundering press
Over the plain we glide,
Around the startled hamlet's edge
And up the mountain side;
With waving plumes and clanking spurs,
We sweep along like wind;
Our beacon on the rugged cliff
Is flaming far behind.
Ride, brothers, ride,
Ride, men, and away;
Adieu, señoras, in your smiles
We'll bask before the day.

SAILING ON THE SEA.

“Where is my heart’s dearest,
Where can he be?”

“In his tall ship, Marguerite,
Sailing on the sea;
Sailing with a gallant crew,
Winds a-blowing free”—

“Ah! he vowed he soon would come
Home to wed with me!”

“Should he never, Marguerite,
Come back to thee,
Thou canst find another love—
I thy love will be;
Then far away to Indian isles
Let us quickly flee,
Pine no more for truant hearts
Sailing on the sea.”

Flashed her eye in anger,
Proudly turnèd she
From the muffled cavalier
Bending on his knee;
But away his cloak he flung,
“Marguerite!” cried he—
'Twas her lover! whom she thought
Sailing on the sea.

ANACREONTIC.

Nay, frown not, fairest, chide no more,
Nor blame the blushing wine;
Its fiery kiss is innocent,
When thrills the pulse with thine.
So leave the goblet in my hand,
But veil thy glances bright,
Lest wine and beauty mingling
Should wreck my soul to-night.

Then, Ida, to the ancient rim
In sculptured beauty rare,
Bow down thy red-arched lip and quaff
The wine that conquers care;
Or breathe upon the shining cup
Till that its perfume be
Sweet as the scent of orange groves,
Upon some tropic sea.

And while thy fingers idly stray
In dalliance o'er the lyre,
Sing to me, love, some rare old song
That gushed from heart of fire—
Song such as Grecian phalanx hymned
When freedom's field was won,
And Persia's glory with the light
Faded at Marathon.

Sing till the shouts of armèd men
Ring bravely out once more:
Sing till again the ghost-white tents
Shine on the moon-lit shore;
Bid from their melancholy graves
The buried hopes to start,
I knew ere many a storm had swept
The dew-drops from my heart.

Sing the deep memories of the past,
My soul shall follow thee,
Its boundless depths re-echoing
Thy glorious minstrelsy;

And as the wild vibrations hang
 Enfettered on the air,
I'll drink, thy white arms round me, love,
 The wine that conquers care.

JACQUELINE.¹

Almond-eyed Jacqueline beckoned to me,
As our troop rode home from mounting
guard,
And I saw Gil Perez's brow grow dark,
While his face seemed longer by half a yard.
What care I for the Spaniard's ire,
His haughty lip and glance of fire;
What so fit for these Southern lords
As the tempered edges of freemen's swords?

Say, shall an Alva's merciless bands
Their hands in our noblest blood imbrue,
And then with accursèd foreign wiles,
Our gentle Northern girls pursue?
Hail to him who for freedom strikes!
Up with your banners and down with the dykes!

¹ A ballad of the "Low Countries," A.D. 1567.

Better be whelmed 'neath ocean waves
Than live like cowards the lives of slaves.

Haughty Gil Perez may then beware,
For we love our blue-eyed Leyden girls,
And would welcome the shock of Toledo blades
Were the prize but a lock of their golden
curls.

Hope on, brothers, the day shall come
With flaunting of banner and rolling of drum,
When William the Silent shall rally his men
And scourge these wolves to their homes again.

A FRAGMENT.

There in our cloisters green, spangled with
flowers,
We'll ponder o'er the page which God hath
spread,
And drink its wonders; the gorgeous vestment
Flaming with gold and crimson, nature flings
Over the fainting day. The rose-lipped morn
Night garlanded with stars, the universe
Teeming with rich benevolence, shall teach
Our hearts to mingle in a sweet communion,
So warm and glowing that the hoary Earth
In love's sweet light shall wear another youth
And bloom as in the old primeval garden.
The sands of life shall all be turned to gold,
Our lives, unchilled by frost, or storm, or hail,
Shall slowly wear away, till like ripe fruit
We yield our spirit to the gleaner—Death.

MACDONALD'S DRUMMER.¹

A drummer-boy from fair Bayonne
By love of glory lured,
With bold Macdonald's stern array
The pains of war endured.
And now amid those dizzy heights
That girt the Splugen dread,
The silent columns struggled on,
And he marched at their head.

Then in those regions cold and dim,
With endless winter cursed,
The Alpine storm arose and scowled
And forth in fury burst—
Burst forth on the devoted ranks,
Ambition's dauntless brood,
That thus with sword and lance profaned
Old Winter's solitude.

¹ See Headley's account of the passage of the Splugen, by Marshal Macdonald.

“Down! down! upon your faces fall;
Cling to the guns! for, lo,
The chamois on this slippery track
Would dread yon gulf below!”
So speeds the word from front to rear,
And veterans to the storm
Bowed low, who ne’er in battle bowed
To aught in foeman’s form.

But hark! what horror swells the gale—
Beware, oh sons of France!
Beware the avalanche whose home
Is ’mid these mountain haunts.
Yon distant thunder—’tis its voice!
The bravest held his breath,
And silently a prayer put up
To die a soldier’s death.

And near and nearer with a roar
That loud and louder swelled,
The avalanche down glaciers broad
Its lightning pathway held;

And through the shivering ranks it crashed,
And then with one vast stride
Swept down the gulf, till far below
Its muttering thunders died.

In vain Italia's sunny plains
And reeling vines invite;
Full many a soldier found his shroud
'Mid Alpine snows that night;
And he, his comrades' pride and boast,
The lad from fair Bayonne?
The roll was called, no voice replied,—
The drummer-boy was gone.

Gone! gone! but hark, from the abyss,
What sounds so faintly come,
Amid the pauses of the storm?
It is—it is—the drum!
He lives, he beats for aid, he sounds
The old familiar call,
That to the battery's smoking throat
Had brought his comrades all.

Over the dizzy verge that eve
With straining eyes they peered,
And heard the rattling of the drum,
In echoes strange and weird;
The notes would cease, and then again
Would sound—again to fail,
Until no more their fainting moan
Came wafted on the gale.

And when red Wagram's fight was fought,
And the big war was o'er,
A dark-haired matron in Bayonne
Stood watching by her door;
Stood watching, praying many an hour,
Till hair and heart grew gray,
For the bright-eyed boy, who, 'mid the Alps,
Was sleeping far away.

And still, belated peasants tell
How, near that Alpine height,
They hear the drum-roll loud and clear
On many a storm-vexed night.

This story of the olden time
With sad eyes they repeat,
And whisper by whose ghostly hands
The spirit-drum is beat.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
I dream, as in the by-gone years,
I hear again their stirring cheers,
 And see their banners shine,
What time the yet unconquered North
Pours to the wars her legions forth,
For many a wrong to strike a blow
With mailèd hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! Ah, where are they
Who bade the hostile surges stay,
When the black forts of Monterey
 Frowned on their dauntless line?
When, undismayed amid the shock
Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
They stood, or rushed more madly on
Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan?

On Angostura's crowded field
Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
And wildly yet defiance pealed
 Their flashing batteries' throats;
And echoed then the rifle's crack,
As deadly as when on the track
Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,
 Their bugle's joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart and eagle swoop,
 But you alone remain;

On all the rest has fallen the hush
Of death; the men whose battle-rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrent's flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
God send us peace through all our years,
But if the cloud of war appears,
 We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide,
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteers once more.

1849.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

“That was a crazy business,
Trouble in every part,
And many a dashing soldier
Was quartered in thine heart.”
—*Heinrich Heine.*

Through the mellowed lights of the beechwood,
A river hummed its tune,
And I sat with Jeannette beside me
In the still midsummer's noon.

Jeannette is a haughty lady,
But I was a thronèd king,
Who had bidden the waves, my minstrels,
To clash their cymbals and sing.

The incense-laden breezes
Shed fragrance in their flight,
Through the stately aisles of my palace,
Flooded with emerald light.

And she of the rich low voice,
With music in each soft tone,
My heart and kingdom all were hers,
And she was mine alone.

Through the cool green aisle of the beeches,
The river hums its tune;
But no more with Jeannette beside me
I sit at the still mid-noon.

From that memory-haunted forest,
I rode both fast and far;
For Jeannette is a haughty lady,
And I am a poor hussar!

LINES TO MISS ———.

My foot's in the stirrup, my hand's on the rein,
My proud steed is tossing his long-flowing
mane;

Yet, stay for a moment! I'll wave ere we part
Another farewell to the girl of my heart.

How blest was the evening I knelt by her side,
And watched the Miami's deep willow-fringed
tide,

And dreamed a fair dream that love would flow
ever,

As smooth and as bright as the beautiful river.

"Oh, stay!" said the rose to the wind, as it
sped;

Alas! in a moment the sighing wind fled.

"Oh, stay!" said the lily, "nor leave me
alone,"

Alas! in a moment the bright wave was gone!

Thus, wave-like and wind-like, from those whom
we love,

The bidding of fate oft compels us to rove,
But memory is laden with love-lighted hours,
As winds, and the waves, with the fragrance of
flowers.

My foot's in the stirrup, my hand's on the rein,
My good steed is tossing his long-flowing mane,
One wave of her white hand, one tear from her
eye—

Press on, my fleet charger! Sweet lady—good-
bye!

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

A legend has told us that Cupid and Death
Were driven by stress of the weather,
To an inn where they reveled in mischief and
fun,
And cracked a full bumper together.
But Cupid, the rogue, with the arrows of Death,
A bunch from his own quiver mingled;
Thus oft an old swain is smitten by love,
Whom Death for a victim has singled.

THE SWEET MAY MOON.

The sweet May moon has left the night
Pensive and sad;
Another eve, again her light
Will shine and all be glad.
But no more, love, will thy quenched beam
Rekindle life's delicious dream.

The sweet May moon has left the stars
Twinkling and bright,
Fair sentinels amid the wars
That vex the gentle night.
But thou, oh! love, hast veiled thy face,
And left no starlight in thy place.

The sweet May moon has left the wave
To sing the while

In some sea-hidden dreamland cave,
 She hides her mellow smile.
But thou, oh! love, hast left no voice
To bid my saddened heart rejoice.

IN CAMP.

I gazed forth from my wintry tent
Upon the star-gemmed firmament;
I heard the far-off sentry's tramp
Around our mountain-girdled camp
And saw the ghostly tents uprise
Like specters 'neath the jeweled skies.
And thus upon the snow-clad scene,
So pure and spotless and serene,
Where locked in sleep ten thousand lay
Awaiting morn's returning ray,—
I gazed, till to the sun the drums
Rolled at the dawn, "He comes, he comes."

1862. Bardstown, Ky.

'TIS NOT THE TIME.

'Tis not the time for dalliance soft
In gentle ladies' bowers,
When treason flaunts her flag aloft
And dares to tread on ours.
Again the swords our fathers wore
Must in the scabbards rattle,
And we will sing the songs of yore,
When marching forth to battle.

From every pine-clad mountain side,
From every dimpled valley,
The bugles ringing far and wide
Invite the brave to rally.
And far to East and far to West
Our iron line advances,
While freedom's flag, by freemen blessed,
In glory o'er us dances.

But when the birds of morning sing,
And all the wars are over,
Our lances at your feet we'll fling,
And then we'll play the lover.
And all will say 'tis time to wed,
As gayly drums shall rattle,
Before our conquering column's head,
When marching home from battle.

1862.

WHEN THE LONG SHADOWS.

When the long shadows on my path are lying,
Will those I love be gathered at my side;
Clustered around my couch of pain, and trying
To light the dark way, trod without a guide?

Shall it be mine, beyond the tossing billow,
'Neath foreign skies, to feel the approach of
death,
Will stranger hands smooth down my dying
pillow,
And watch with kindly heart my failing
breath?

Or shall, perchance, the little stars be shining
On some lone spot, where, far from home and
friends,
The way-worn pilgrim on the turf reclining,
His life and much of grief together ends?

Ah! whereso'er the closing scene may find me,
 'Mid friends or foemen or in deserts lone,
May there be some of those I leave behind me
 To shed a tear for me when I am gone.

Full well I know life's current, onward rushing,
 Sweeps hearts away from spots where they
 would cling,
And by life's shores fair flowers are ever blush-
 ing,
 That o'er the waves a Lethean fragrance
 fling.

Yet when the thousand gales of morn are blow-
 ing,
 Or when the bright moon gilds the solemn sea,
And the sweet stars their smiles on earth are
 throwing,
 In the wide world, will none remember me?

THE MERRY DAYS OF ELD.

I have read of an old world
In the merry days of eld,
When the knight his armor wore,
And the king gay tourneys held;
When the gentle couched the lance,
And the peasant bore the glave,
And beauty sweetly smiled upon
The loyal and the brave.

Yet mourn not that this stout old world like a
dream has passed away,
That the clang of arms rings out no more, with
stirring trumpets' fray,
That the sturdy knight so bold, and the prince
so stern and proud
Sleep well, the long and silent sleep, each
wrapped in his white shroud.

There is festival to-night
In the castle's lofty hall,
And the fire logs gleam bright
On the armor on the wall.
"Ho!" shouts the Baron, "Minstrels,
Let your harps sing merrilie,
Ho! fill the cups with foaming wine,
And drink to Chivalrie."

But far off on a frosty moor, beside his humble
cot,
The shivering serf his fagot rakes, nor mur-
murs at his lot,
His voice is hushed, his lips are closed, but his
eye lets fall a tear,
When the night wind whispers tones of mirth to
his unwilling ear.

The lord rides forth to battle
For our blessèd Savior's shrine,
He battles with the Paynim
On the sands of Palestine.

His deeds shine out in story,
Of his arm so quick and strong,
The harper chants his glory forth
And breathes his name in song.
But the serf he toils from morning, he toils till
evening grey,
With an aching brow and fainting heart he
plods along his way,
Grief, like a night-bird, gloomily, sits brooding
on his soul,
For him, no deeds of high emprise, no place on
glory's scroll.

Oh! these merry tales of eld,
Of the days that now are gone,
How they flee before the truth
Like spirits from the dawn.
And poets sing of barons,
Of war, and gay amour,
But they never yet have caroled
The sad song of the poor.

Then mourn not that this stout old world like
a dream has passed away,
That the clang of arms rings out no more, with
stirring trumpet's fray,
That the sturdy knight so bold, and the prince
so stern and proud
Sleep well, the long and silent sleep, each
wrapped in his white shroud.

LINES TO MISS E——.

The pulse of the year beat low, throbbed low,
The winds went drearily sighing;
For wrapped in their shrouds of snow, white
snow,
The last of fall flowers were lying.

I heard the north storm come down, come down,
From its farthest icy dwelling,
Through leafless forests all brown, all brown,
The doom of the old year knelling.

But when the light of thy smile, sweet smile,
Was shed on the lone chance-comer,
He dreamed a fair dream awhile, awhile,
Of beauty and love and summer.

THE HAUNTED RIVER.

Through a desolate dim region,
Rolls a haunted river,
Shapes and shades whose name is legion,
Vex its tide forever.

Round it loom steep promontories
Fringed with morning's ruddy glories,

 In the olden day,

 Now, wan and gray ;

And still this sad, mysterious river
Goes sweeping, moaning on forever.

Once amid enchanted islands,
Where the May reposes,
Starred with flower-crowned highlands,
Drunk with breath of roses,
Flashed its current in the sunlight,
Sung its waters in the moonlight,

Sung to Dian,

And Orion;

Now, this sad, mysterious river,
Sweeps and moans along, forever.

FADED FLOWERS.

Woven of fire

And light, these flowers be emblems of the soul,
Whose wing plies ceaselessly to win its goal,
Till time expire.

Beauty at dawn

Was theirs, drunk with rich odors, thieves of
hues
Stolen from Iris, reeling with draughts of
dews;

At eve, how wan.

Frail flowers! poor heart!

Dew, beauty, fragrance linger till the noon,
At eve, conspire to flee your presence soon,
At night, depart.

So reads the sign—
May thy day linger long whose morn has spoken
Hope to the heart, and peace as yet unbroken,—
Longer than mine.

TWO YEARS AGO.

The winds were still, the waters shone
Beneath the May moon; we alone
Upon the rose-twined portico
In silence stood, two years ago.

Her blue-veined hand was clasped in mine,
My pulse leapt as if lashed with wine.
Love, on expression could not wreak
Its passions, though I burned to speak.

Forth, lava-like, at last the gush
Of passionate speech broke on the hush,
And wildly poured upon her ear
The words she feared, yet loved, to hear.

In maiden beauty how she stood,
Fair type of saintly womanhood;

Shine out, sweet stars, on charms divine
And radiantly pure as thine.

The prize was won, the prize is lost;—
It may be weak, but, tempest tossed,
I watch the dim receding shore
From whence I drift forever more.

Tell her, oh! night, if toward the North
Her gentle eyes now wander forth
To find my love's bright symbol there,
Unquenchable amid despair.

The winds are still, the water gleams
Beneath the May moon; but the dreams
I dreamed are gone, and now I know
How blessed I was two years ago.

A VALENTINE.

A loiterer by the ocean's azure swell,
Enraptured seized a gem born of the spray,
Scarce half admired, a still more beauteous shell

Hath prompted him to fling the first away.
So oft before, the tides of time had cast
Such charms across my path, I could have
sworn

Their witching radiance beauty unsurpassed;—
Sprung from the bright sea-caves, where lurks
the morn.

Yet scarce had they my happiness undone,
Ere some new fancy my allegiance won.
Till waved *thy* scepter and my heart *remained*
A trembling prisoner by beauty's links en-
chained.

LOVE AND TIME.

There beat a young heart which had never
known love,

'Twas as fresh as the bloom of the red sum-
mer rose,

Till the merry god smiled from the regions
above,

And launched a bright arrow, that broke its
repose.

He launched a bright arrow, that broke its
repose,

When the fairy-like maiden was smiling in
sleep;

The wound was a-bleeding, when just as love
rose,

Old Time chanced along on his pinions to
sweep:

Old Time chanced along on his pinions to
sweep,

And on the new wound that the arrow had
made,

As he passed without stopping (his crop was
to reap),

All softly and gently his finger he laid—

All softly and gently his finger he laid,

Then noiselessly glided away from the spot,
And careless, and gladsome, as e'er was the
maid,

Love's dream, and the wound, and the ar-
row, forgot.

LINES.

SUGGESTED ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL T. L.
HAMER.

The brave who sleep in glory's shroud,
How proud a fate is theirs!
A stricken nation mourning stands
In grief beside their biers.
Strewn o'er our mountains and our plains,
Their bones in clusters lie,
And stars smile on their humble graves
From out the quiet sky.

Some fell upon the highland's crest,
And some sleep in the vale,
Where violets in summer time
Are nodding in the gale.

The bones of some are whitening
In stormy ocean's deep,
On hill and plain and ocean bed
So tranquilly they sleep.

From city and from countryside
In pride of youth they came,
The noble and the beautiful,
To shield from harm or shame
The rich old memories of the past,
The glorious legacy
From men who in the olden time
Fought battles to be free.

Around the effulgent flag they pressed,
That, borne in many wars,
Dishonor never visited
To lurk amid its stars.
To guard it with the old renown,
Or dearly life to sell,
They closed around its lustrous sheen,
And, conquering, they fell.

In time's dim cycles yet to come,
The mother to her child
Will tell of the fierce battle won
And the red carnage wild.
And proud tradition shall hand down
The glory of the brave,
Long as above free hearts and hands
Our star-lit flag shall wave.

1849.

A SERENADE.

The air is soft and balmy,
And the moon shines clear and bright,
So throw your lattice wide, Ladie,
And bless my eyes to-night.
No smoothly polished lay I sing
Like courtly chevalier,
Yet let the soldier's tale of love
Fall sweetly on your ear.

I come from far countree,
From the land of tropic sun,
Where fame, and wreaths of laurel,
And glorious names are won;
Where the dews of night fall harmlessly
On the saber's polished side
As the dews of Time but strengthen
My soul's love for its bride.

SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

For a thousand years of time and more,
From the depths of my misty lair,
I issued forth to the frozen north,
But as lord of the upper air,
The sway o'er life and death was mine,
Where'er my footsteps trod,
And in all Creation's broad expanse,
I bowed to none but God.

Where I slumbered, who might know?
Or was cradled, who could tell?
Fierce in my wrath, my blackened path
Was scorched with flames of Hell.
Yet I dwelt in each dew-wet moss-rose bud,
In each trembling blade of grass,
And in sportive glee I skimmed the sea
And danced o'er the dark morass.

I crouched in the granite quarry midst,
I pierced the dull old earth,
I fired the train that long had lain,
And shouted with horrid mirth,
When fierce volcano flung its glare
Far o'er the ocean's brine,
And poured the scalding lava forth
As flagon pours the wine.

Earth's quickener, I slumbered oft,
For centuries concealed,
Like a great thought in stillness wrought
To blaze when once revealed.
Blasting or blessing, alike I strode
An angel or a fiend,
And on flaming wing rejoicing,
Through the deep vault careened.

But I shouted aloud from an inky shroud
When with death and woe I came,
And pealed a blast as I hurried past,
That shook earth's rock-ribbed frame;

And suppliant forests bowed their crests
As my black cohorts swept by,
And the pealing tongue of the thunder flung
Aloft my battle-cry.

A good ship sailing on the sea,
A pilgrim on the shore,
A temple on a lonely hill
Where worship bowed of yore;
A blinding flash, a thunder peal,
That fills the welkin wide,—
A hulk, a corse, a ruin, tell
The sum of human pride.

Ye know how the treacherous wit of men
Has lured me with my love,
How the wing that flamed so free is tamed,
To the flight of the carrier dove:
But beware the lightning's tongue of fire,
Ye cunning sons of men,
When the woe begetter shall rend his fetter,
And roam the skies again!

OMENS.

“Here I am, Lord, for thou didst call me.”

—1 Sam. iii, 8.

Last night in the mid-watch
When all was still and drear,
My name, I heard it called,—
Oh, Christ, how dread to hear!
Was it a dream? No sleep
Had kissed my lids that night;
Helpless I lay and powerless,
All trembling with affright.

I listened, yet no sound
Smote on my straining ear,
Save the wild wind whirling
The leaflets torn and sere.
And in the sudden pause,
As sped its coursers fleet,

Solemnly in the gloom around
I heard the night's pulse beat.

Doubt not between our world
And those where spirits dwell,
Shadowy links there be
Whereof tongue cannot tell.
Heed not the haughty soul
Whose wisdom never bends,
At the still voice of Omens,
That God in mercy lends.

In the broad light of day,
When gloom broods o'er the deep,
His arm is still to shield us,
His love can never sleep.
His mercy walks abroad at noon,
And on the midnight air;
So thought I, and my troubled soul
Found rest again in prayer.

LINES ON MY THIRTY-SIXTH
BIRTHDAY

Swift through the hurricane of life
My shattered bark drives on,
The pilot's hand has left the helm,
Rudder and mast are gone.
I hear the roar of angry seas,
And see the breakers rise,
Revealed amid the sullen gloom
By lightning-lighted skies.

'Tis done! To hope I bid farewell,
Love and her lights may flee,
And youth's entrancing glamour fades
From hope to memory.
Far o'er the Atlantic's waves to-night
My true love wends her way,
'And many a tear is mingled with
The ocean's briny spray.

Gird on my trusty blade once more,
And saddle my sinewy steed;
Dash down the gloomy page to earth,
Whose lore I would not read.
Weave fast your woof, weird sisters three!
Again among the brave,
For freedom and for victory,
Or for a soldier's grave!

1862.

LINES TO MY SISTERS.

Dear sisters, mid the toil and strife
That vex young manhood's troubled life,
My heart to you will fondly stray,
Though absent now and far away.
I miss your words of hope and cheer,
That nerved my soul when all was drear,
The sunny smiles and soothing ways
So prized from earliest boyhood's days.
In vain for me the applause of men,
The laurel won by sword or pen,
But for the hope, so dear and sweet,
To lay my trophies at your feet.
And though the world should prove unkind,
A solace in your smiles I'll find.
The links that link us three together
Defy this life's most stormy weather,
And in bright worlds we know not of
Will still enclasp our sacred love.

Bloom, flowers! where'er my sisters move;
Shine on them, stars! with beams of love;
Your vigils, holy angels, keep
That no dark dream affright their sleep;
And sunny garlands, Fortune, twine
To deck their brows, sweet sisters mine.

'TIS ONLY ONCE WE LOVE.

The heart that throbbed at Glory's voice
And followed in her train,
Although in sloth it slumbers long,
May wake to life again.
But ah! when once true love has bloomed,
As many a heart can prove,
The fragrance wasted ne'er returns—
'Tis only once we love.

I tread the sunny paths of life,
'Mid beauty's proud array,
But the spell that lent a charm to all
Has mist-like passed away.
No more the thrill from mingled pulse
The eloquent low sigh,
Nor the unbidden tear of joy
That trembled in the eye.

Yet ofttimes in my early dreams,
From some enchanted isle,
Comes one with her soft, winning voice
And the old gladsome smile,
And hand in hand we wander on
Through violet-bordered glades,
Till with the night's starred legions bright
The joyous vision fades.

Ah! sadly pass the hours away
When that sweet light departs,
Which fair as dawn on Eden rose
With rapture on our hearts.
And many a blossom fair is culled
As through the world we rove;
But the fairest is the rarest flower.
'Tis only once we love.

THE SIEGE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

Wide o'er the valley the pennons are fluttering,
War's sullen story the deep guns are muttering,
Forward! blue-jackets, in good steady order,
Strike for the fame of your good northern
border;

Forever shall history tell of the bloody check
Waiting the foe at the siege of Chapultepec.

Let the proud deeds of your fathers inspire ye
still,

Think ye of Monmouth, and Princeton, and
Bunker Hill,

Come from your hallowed graves, famous in
story,

Shades of our heroes, and lead us to glory.

Side by side, son and father with hoary head

Struggle for triumph, or death on a gory bed.

Hark! to the charge! the war-hail is pattering,
The foe through our ranks red rain is scat-
tering;

Huzza! forward! no halting or flagging till
Proudly the red stripes float o'er yon rocky
hill.

Northern and Southerner, let your feuds
smolder ;

Charge! for our banner's fame, shoulder to
shoulder!

Flash the fort guns, and thunders their stun-
ning swell

Far o'er the valley to white Popocatapetl,
Death revels high in the midst of the bloody
sport,

Bursting in flame from each black-throated
castle-port,

Press on the line with keen sabers dripping wet,
Cheer, as ye smite with the death-dealing
bayonet!

Our bold Northern eagle, king of the firmament,
Shares with no rival the skies of the continent.
Yields the fierce foeman; down let his flag be
hurled,

Shout, as our own from the turret is wide un-
furled!

Shout! for long shall Mexico mourn the wreck
Of her proud state at the siege of Chapultepec.

1848.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH.¹

“Early in the morning we found him lying cold and stiff on the scene of his former exploits.”

The night had come and the stars were bright,
And the moon shone o'er the battlefield,
When the unjust cause of a tyrant's might
Was crushed by the weight of freedom's shield.

Years passed by and a people great
Had risen in a mighty land,
And peace and hope and might they date
From a contest gained by a gallant band.

Upon the waste so stained with blood,
Beside a great and rushing stream,
A worn and weary soldier stood,
Like a phantom raised in a feverish dream.

¹ Written at the age of fourteen.

As the winds of winter by him course,
And curl the foam on the billow's crest,
Naught can oppose their onward force,
They carry a groan from the soldier's breast.

The scenes of the past before him glow,
While memory's rays upon them beam,
And the waste—before—is crowded now
And polished arms before him gleam.

Through the vault of heaven the bugles call,
The eager troops to the conflict pour,
Like grass before the scythe they fall,
Mowed down—as the cannons loudly roar.

As the moon beams on their armor dance,
Springing like beast from out his lair,
Each grasping close his deadly lance,
The shadowy horsemen fast appear.

As in their crowded ranks they stream,
Now loudly swells the battle cry,

Floating in air their banners gleam,
With clashing swords is the tumult high.

See the old man stands with kindling eyes,
And lifting high his hoary head.
His upraised arm he scarcely stays,—
'Tis but the battle of *the dead*.

The night has passed—the morn has come,
With rosy hue the east is flushed.
And on that spot seemed nature dumb,
So tranquil was the scene and hushed.

When mortals by the wayside passed,
The soldier's last deep breath had flown,
With naught to cheer save the midnight blast,
On the battlefield had he died—alone.

1840.

THE FARMER.

From golden morn till dewy eve,
When the sky gleams bright and red,
With many a strong and sturdy stroke,
I labor for my bread.
No sickly fits nor ills I dread,
My chest is deep and broad,
And though I work the live-long day,
I rise and thank my God.

No lily hue is on my brow,
No rings on my hard hand,
I wield the axe, I drive the plow;
Or when war shrouds the land,
I seize my father's well-tried blade,
And that for Freedom's sod
It is my glorious right to bleed,
I rise and thank my God.

And when my daily task is o'er,
And the sun is sinking low,
As faint with work and honest toil,
To my humble roof I go,—
I see the perfumed city beau
With his ebony walking rod,
And that I'm not a thing like him,
I rise and thank my God.

The widow's prayer upon mine ear
Unheeded never fell,
I ne'er beheld the orphan's tear,
But my own heart's fount would swell.
I never Heaven for gold would sell,
Nor for wealth would stoop to fraud,
A poor but yet an honest man,
I rise and thank my God.

And when the good sun floods with light
This land of liberty,
And spreads around my happy sight,
As in prayer I bend the knee,

That I am strong and bold and free,
In the land my fathers trod,
With quivering lip and outstretched arms,
I rise and thank my God.

1843.

HUNTING SONG.

Arouse! Hunters! Arouse!

Brightly breaks the morn,
Freshly blows the morning breeze,
And cheerily winds the horn.
The deer, his covert leaving,
Lingers in the vale,
And over the lofty mountain-top
The crimson glories sail.

Awake! Hunters! Awake!

Nature from her sleep
In summer's arms comes forth
To bid the glad pulse leap.
The sorrowing night has vanished,
Her dreary watching done,
Her tear-drops hung on trembling leaves
Are glittering in the sun.

To horse! Hunters! To horse!
 Bounds each noble steed
Like a bold spirit wearying
 From bondage to be freed.
Give rein! give rein! with ringing shout
 The soaring eagle scare,
And follow with echoing cry the stag,
 Deep in his forest lair.

1846.

SONG OF THE RAGGED ATTORNEY.

“Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?”—*Horace.*

My coat has long since lost its gloss,
My purse of gold is bare,
I stride no horses fleet and fine,
Nor dine on dainties rare.
Yet ho! my cheek is full and red,
My eye is clear and bright,
And I laugh at rags, and want and care,
With a jolly strong heart and light.

Ha! ha! Sir Spider, on the wall,
How lank you look and poor,
We've neither webbed a single fly
For a good twelvemonth or more.
Yet ho! who cares? we both live high—
As high as we can get—
And we season the good things that we say
With the salt of our Attic wit.

The spider has fled into his web,
The mouse, he scampers away,
And the dusty office seems chill and drear,
With the shadows long and grey.
What ho, old moth! art working still?
The prince of scholars you be
Toiling away in your wormy cell
Like a monk right steadily.

And now to fancy's mystic eye,
The mournful twilight teems
With solemn shapes and dusky forms
From the dark land of dreams.
What ho! start not, I know them well,
Brave doctors of the law—
Each one in place—quick for the dance
My quivering bow I draw.

Ha! ha! these figures grave and dusk,
See how they wheel and spin,
Footing it up and shuffling down
To the merry violin.

Oh! ho! 'tis a farcical sight to see—
Lord Eldon, you alone,
Now forward Coke, and Matthew Hale,
With jolly old Blackstone.

The soldier loves the flash of steel,
The sailor loves the sea,
The forester carols a merry tune
In praise of the greenwood tree;
Yet ho! for law, with scales so bright,
And the sword to shield from harm,
And her ragged sons who laugh at care,
With jolly light hearts and strong.

1845.

THE FAREWELL.

My bark is clearing a path of light
Over the waters fair,
In whose crystal depths the Queen of Night
Is bathing her golding hair.
Silence and beauty are throned above,
In the vaults of the summer sky,
And the river murmurs a tale of love
To the stars as it ripples by.

Tell, fair Moon, if thy golden eye
My lady-love can discover,
Does she gaze on thine orb in sympathy
And muse on her distant lover?
Or if through her casement thou shinest now,
On her pride in sleep serene,
Strew lightly, Moon, on her peerless brow
The snow of thy silver sheen.

Night wind, droop thy waving wings,
I pray thee cease to rove,
Till I burden thy heedless wanderings
With the precious freight of love.
Then plume thy scented wing once more,
Thy way by the moonlight steer,
And the burning tide of my bosom pour
By stealth in my lady's ear.

Breathe to her, wind, farewell, for one
Over whose days she threw
A ray of gladness such as shone
When yet the world was new.
Say that afar his heart will tell
Of those bright hours cherished long,
As the crimson lip of the lone sea-shell
Murmurs its ocean song.

1846.

GENERAL LYTLE'S LAST SPEECH,

Delivered in Camp at Bridgeport, Alabama,

AUGUST 9, 1863,

ON RECEIVING A JEWELLED MALTESE CROSS

From the Officers of

THE TENTH OHIO REGIMENT.

The presentation speech, by Colonel Wm. W. Ward, of Ohio, concluded in these words:

“We, now, your old comrades in arms, witnesses of your conspicuous gallantry in the field; witnesses, also, of your skill in council, and thoroughly conversant with your accurate knowledge of military duty—present to ‘our COLONEL’ the cross I have placed, General, upon your breast, knowing as we all do—and

also anxious to tell your dear brothers in arms—gentlemen of whose gallantry I would have been assured, even if you had not told me of it—that OUR COLONEL'S cross will be like the white plume of the hero of Ivry,—seek it where the fight is thickest.”

GENERAL LYTLE'S SPEECH.

*Colonel, and Gentlemen of the Tenth Ohio Infantry—My old Friends and Comrades:—*I can not tell you how deeply I am touched by this beautiful testimonial. I am very glad to learn that, although you have not for a long time been under my command, you have not forgotten me; and I feel it also an especial honor that you have taken the trouble to visit me in our camp in the mountains to make me this present in the midst of a campaign, and, I fear, at great personal inconvenience. In all sincerity I can say to you that never did the

heart of a soldier of the Old Guard beat higher—no, not even when at the hands of the “Little Corporal” himself he received the Cross of the Legion—than does mine to-day. Come what may to me to-morrow or in days beyond; come what may, as under the leadership of our gallant chief, the invincible Rosecrans, this Army of the Cumberland follows his happy star through the eventful drama of the war, at least for me this token, from the cherished comrades with whom I entered the service, is secure.

So long as, in God's providence, my life is spared, I shall look on it, gentlemen, and be reminded of many a stirring incident, both in your experience and mine. It will recall the pale and troubled faces with which men stood in the black shadows that strove before civil war, and the horror that thrilled our breasts when the rebellion first proclaimed itself by overt acts; the revered and holy flag of the nation was fired on by parricidal hands at Charleston. It will

bring back to me the fiery and tumultuous gatherings of armed men that rallied to defend the flag. I will remember, as I gaze on it, a thousand incidents connected with our camps at Harrison and Dennison. It will remind me of the long and weary marches when our solitary column threaded the mountain defiles of West Virginia, of the memorable 8th of October at Carnifex Ferry, when your ranks, plowed by shot and shell, stood fast and firm until the enemy fell back across the Gauley under cover of the night, the movement masked by darkness and the roar of the mountain stream. It will remind me of the brave Milroy; of Fitzgibbon, the color-bearer; of Kavanaugh and Kennedy, of many a hero soldier whose name we will keep green in memory; of that red autumnal day, at Chaplin Hills, when Jackson, Terrill, Jones and Campbell fell, their names crowned with the deathless laurel, when, in your own brigade, the chivalry of Ohio and Kentucky, and Indiana and Michigan, added a new and glorious leaf

to the somber annals of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

I will be reminded too, as I gaze upon its emerald and its shamrock, the significant emblems with which your taste and the craft of the artisan have enriched it, of that gallant and beautiful island of the sea, the devotion of whose children to my country and their country, has been so gloriously manifested in this hour of her bitterest travail.

String with fresh cords the Irish harp, worn with recounting the triumphs of your race, to breathe in new and yet loftier strains of minstrelsy their deeds in arms and deeds of noble daring during this rebellion. Let the pale cheek of Erin, as she watches across the deep, crimson with exultation at the names of Corcoran and Meagher, and the record of your own gallant regiment, the armed witness before this, your generation, to the undying fame of Richard Montgomery.

I will not deny, gentlemen, that when on re-

porting to this department, I found you were to be no longer in my command, I felt that sense of loneliness and isolation natural to one whose old army associations were broken up. My present command will pardon me for saying this, I know, for, in my judgment, no man who forgets his old friends deserves to make new ones. But long since I have felt perfectly at home, and I can not let this the first occasion that has presented itself pass by without expressing to the officers and men of the First Brigade my heartfelt thanks for the warm and generous welcome they have awarded to a stranger. Gentlemen of the Tenth Ohio, you see around you your brethren in arms, the men of Sheridan's division; men from the North-west, from the clans of the people who pitch their tents on the prairies of Illinois and Michigan and Wisconsin, and by the shores of the great lakes,—veterans of Pea Ridge, Perryville, and Stone River. When the next fight comes on, may they and the Old Tenth stand shoulder to

shoulder, and see by whom, in glorious emulation, our battle-flags into the ranks of the enemy can be flung the farthest and followed the closest. Nor will it diminish your interest in this brigade to tell you it was once commanded by the pure and heroic Sill—Sill, whom you knew so well last year, during your campaign in Northern Alabama. Than his, the war has developed no nobler spirit. The Military Academy at West Point might point to his name alone, and stand fast in the affections of the people. Ohio in no braver or better blood has sealed her devotion to the Union.

“Him shall no sunshine from the field of azure,
No drum beat from the wall—
No morning gun, from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call.”

But his name will be embalmed in the praise of states, and this, his old brigade, at Chattanooga, or Atlanta, or in Eastern Tennessee, or wherever its proud banners flaunt the sky, will cherish his memory and avenge his fall.

But, gentlemen, I know your time is limited, and that I must not detain you too long. Rest assured that I shall follow the military career of each and all of you with the deepest solicitude. The third year of the war is upon us. How fierce has been the struggle, our vast national debt and shattered ranks bear witness. Whether the end is near or not, I can not tell. The past months will be forever memorable for the splendid triumphs of our arms, and to the eyes of hope the sky is flushed with faint light and the morning seems near at hand. But come victory or come defeat, come triumph or come disaster, this I know, that against rebels in the field or traitors at home, despite the plots of weak-kneed and cowardly politicians of the North and the machinations of foreign despots and aristocrats, the scarred and bronzed veterans of the warlike West, the men on whose banners are inscribed Mill Springs and Donelson, Pea Ridge and Vicksburg, Shiloh, Carnifex and Stone River, will make no terms, accept no

truce, indorse no treaty, until the military power of the rebellion is crushed forever, and the supremacy of the National Government acknowledged from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

Am I told that Union restored by force of arms is not worth having? Am I told that if the states now in revolt are whipped in fair fight—beaten and humiliated—they will be unworthy and degraded members of the Union? We must have peace first, says a certain school of politicians, and then, if we can, we will argue the South into a reconstruction. In other words, these gentlemen would have the Government and the loyal masses of the country drain to the dregs the bitter cup which they would dash from the hands of traitors and rebels. The territory you have occupied is to be abandoned, the public property, the dock-yards, and fortresses you have recaptured after two years of war, are to be surrendered, the victorious armies of the Mississippi, the Cumberland, and

the Potomac, followed by the jeers and scoffs of the enemy, are to sneak, with arms reversed and flags trailed in the dust, across the Northern border; and your Government—the Government of Washington, of Jefferson, and Jackson—is to cower, dishonored and disgraced, a byword and hissing among the nations. If the rebel armies (I will not say the rebel States, for it is not against the States, nor their constitutional rights, we wage war), if the rebel armies, and the oligarchs who control them, have their pride broken, and their prestige humbled, let them blame themselves. They have sown the wind, let them reap the whirlwind, till the bloody problem is finally worked out; eye to eye, foot to foot, sword to sword, bayonet to bayonet; if need be, for ten years longer, with iron hearts, and iron fleets, and iron hail, this generation of loyal men will, by God's grace, endure its heavy cross, and until the broad daylight of peace and order and victory shall come, will stand to arms.

And then for you, soldiers—soldiers, but free men and armed citizens of the Republic—it will be for you to remember the Roman saying, *Vel pace, vel bello, clarum fieri licet*, or as old Milton has paraphrased it, “Peace has her victories, no less renowned than war.” It will be for you to look to it that those arbitrary war measures, justified by the awful presence of a rebellion, whose like the world never saw before; justified by the maxim that “the safety of the Republic is the supreme law,” die, with the necessities which gave them birth. It will be for you to see that the powers of the Government are restricted to their lawful and appropriate channels; that each State has its full and perfect rights under the constitution, awarded to it; and, finally, through the instrumentality of the ballot box, it will be for you to put the seal of eternal political damnation on those subtle and designing demagogues, whose disaffection and disloyalty to the country have already prolonged the war, and to-day,

more than all other agencies, feed the unholy fires of treason, riot and insurrection. Mark the prediction, that, when the war is over, it will be to the men of this humane army, more than to any others, that the people of the Southern States will look for a wise, generous, patriotic conservatism.

They will trust you because of your unflinching and unwavering loyalty to your great cause; they will respect you as one brave man, even though overcome, respects another with whom he has measured swords. The government of Jefferson Davis may flatter the political apostates of the North for military purposes, but I much mistake the character of Southern men, if, while they hug the treason, they do not scorn the traitor.

It will be for you, above all others, when this rebellion has spent its strength, to recall to the minds of the people, the admonition:

“It is well to have a giant’s strength,
But, oh, ’tis tyranny to use it like a giant;”

to heal up the sores and scars, and cover up the bloody foot-prints that war will leave; to bury in oblivion all animosities against your former foe; and chivalrous as you are brave, standing on forever stricken fields, memorable in history, side by side with the Virginian, the Mississippian, or Alabamian, to carve on bronze or marble the glowing epitaph that tells us of Southern as well as Northern valor.

That the day of ultimate triumph for the Union arms, sooner or later, will come, I do not doubt, for I have faith in the courage, the wisdom, and the justice of the people. It may not be for all of us here to-day to listen to the chants that greet the victor, nor to hear the brazen bells ring out the new nuptials of the States. But those who do survive can tell, at least, to the people, how their old comrades, whether in the skirmish or the charge, before the rifle-pit or the redan, died with their harness on, in the great war for Union and Liberty.

CO. K.

[Poem found in a pocket-book taken from General Lytle's pocket when he lay dead on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The authorship is not known.]

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore;

So, like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
Its visor beneath
O'er the work of the Reaper,
Grim Harvester, Death!
Let the muster-roll, meager,
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down!
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed,
Faced "Co. K."

Who faltered, or shivered?

Who shunned battle-stroke?

Whose fire was uncertain?

Whose battle line broke?

Go, ask it of History,

Years from to-day,

And the record shall tell you,

Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping

To-day with the dead,

And daisies and clover

Bloom over his head,

I smile through my tears

As I lay it away—

That battle-worn cap,

Lettered "Co. K."

LAST MARCHING ORDER.

Below is printed, from the original, one of the last orders received by Brigadier-General Lytle:

HEAD QUARTERS, 3D DIV., 20TH A. C.
TRENTON, GEORGIA, *Sept. 6, 1863.*

ORDERS,—

This Division will resume the march this morning in the following order:

1. 2d Brigade, Col. B. Laiboldt.
2. 3d “ “ L. P. Bradley.
3. 1st “ Genl. W. H. Lytle.
4. Ammunition Train.
5. Ambulance “
6. Brigade trains in the order of their Brigades.
7. Division Supply Train.

Genl. Lytle will detail one regiment of his command to act as rear guard.

Col. Bradley will move his Brigade at 12 o'clock, to be followed immediately by the Brigade of Genl. Lytle.

By command of MAJ.-GENL. SHERIDAN.

GEO. LEE, Captain and A. A. G.

To BRIG.-GENL. LYTLE, Command'g 1st Brigade.

LYTLE'S LAST ORDER TO HIS BRIGADE.

This memorial collection may close appropriately with the last written words of General Lytle, hastily penciled on the back of the foregoing order, and a *facsimile* of which occupies these final pages. The humane and beautiful sentences here reproduced, constitute the last order of a loved and honored commander to his heroic followers.

The Gun Line Brigade
desires to express his
gratification at the
soldierly bearing of the
Brigade on the march
during the last two
days. Soldiers &
Comrades let us
remember that this
discipline is as impor-
tant & essential as
the drill.

We do not
war against wom-
-en or non combat-
-ants. Respect
their rights as
defined by the
laws of warfare
among enlighten-
-ed nations.

If it becomes
necessary to levy
on the country for
supplies let it

be done by your
 Commissioners &
 your Quartermasters
 viz - ~~Your~~ ^{Lytle} Genl
 desires to see you
 supplied with ~~all~~
 every thing that
 conduces to your
 comfort.

If necessary
 get an example
 to the Division
 & the army.

Avoid Straggling
 Keep your ranks
 on the march,
 & when the day
 of trial comes
 write your names
 deep in history,
 as the fighting first

MAR 4 1912

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

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